

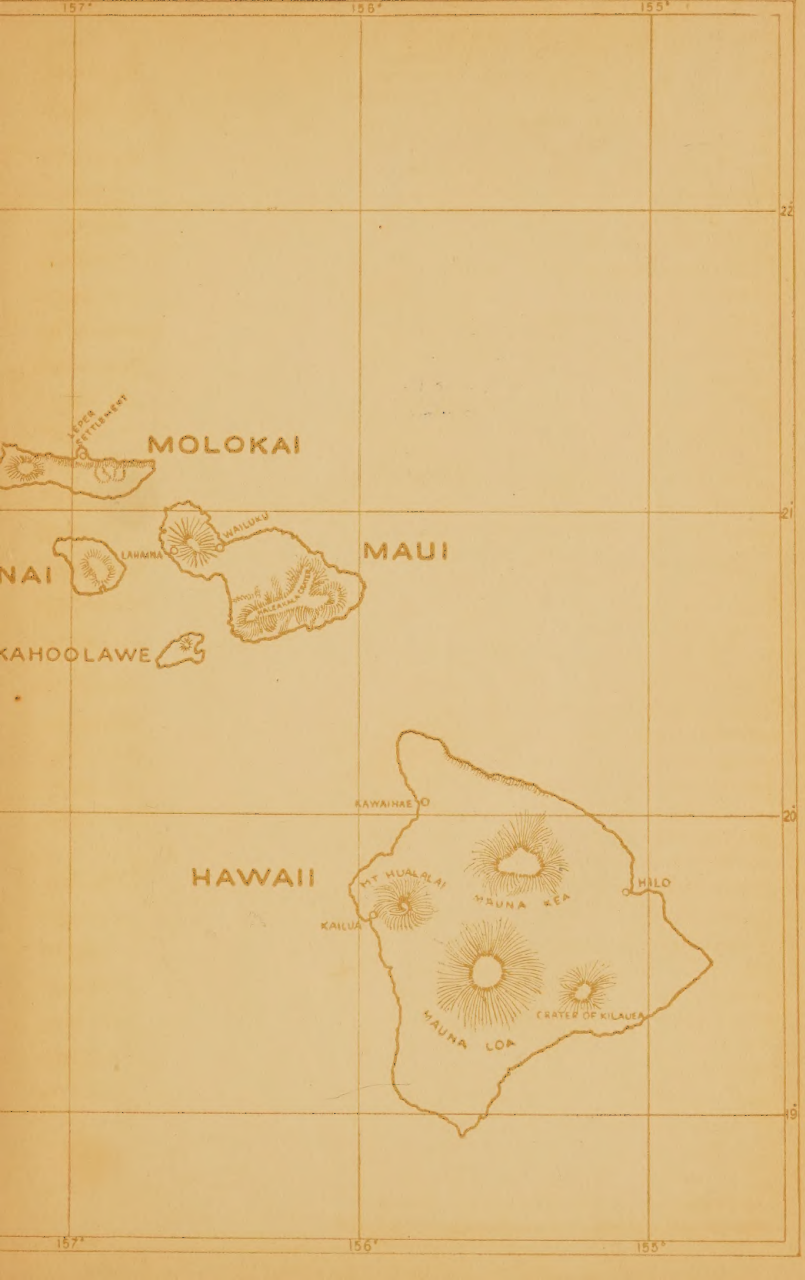
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PIONEER DAYS IN HAWAII

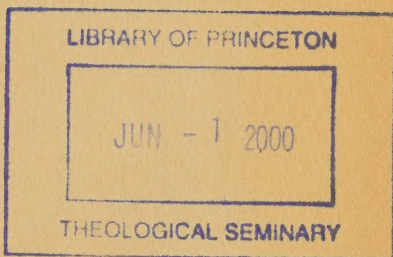
Barbara Coney
with best wishes of
Eugénie and Oliver Emerson
Pine Nook, August 9, 1932-



Lanihuli, 3000 feet above sea level. Road descending to Kaneohe on the windward side of the Nuuanu Pali Gap, which is six miles from Honolulu

PIONEER DAYS IN HAWAII

BY
OLIVER POMEROY EMERSON



GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.

1928

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PIONEER DAYS IN HAWAII

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
MY WIFE AND PATIENT COLLABORATOR,
WHOSE WISE SUGGESTIONS AND CAREFUL CRITICISMS
HAVE BEEN INVALUABLE,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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INTRODUCTION

THE American Board's mission began its work in the Hawaiian Islands in 1820. The central figure of this book, the Rev. John S. Emerson, a New Hampshire man and a graduate of Dartmouth College and of Andover Seminary, arrived in Hawaii in 1832 and continued in active service until 1867. His son, the Rev. Oliver P. Emerson, who writes this sketch, was born on the island of Maui and is a graduate of Williams College and of Andover Seminary.

The single lifetime of the father covered a large part of the period of the advance of the native people from savagery. Many accepted the Christian religion and received western education, and a measure of responsible government was achieved. At the time of John S. Emerson's death, the Islands constituted one of the promising small communities in the world, and in all this work he had had a decisive part.

He belonged to the generation of American missionaries, pioneers, who seemed to be able to turn their hand to anything. One has only to recall the two Bingham in the Islands, or Cyrus Hamlin and Washburn and Riggs in Constantinople, or Blodgett

and Sheffield in Peking, or Davis and Gordon and Greene in Japan. Men of far greater vocational training in modern times have shown far less initiative, versatility and power of adaptation. Problems of scholarship and education, of agriculture and industry, of diplomatic contacts in delicate situations, not to speak of moral discipline and religious inspiration, have been solved by these men with practical common sense and pure devotion. There is no more interesting chapter in the history of our American island dependencies than is contained in this book.

By a strange and yet natural fortune, the son, Oliver P. Emerson, after a happy ministry in this country, was called back to the Hawaiian Islands in 1888. By that time conditions which looked so promising twenty years earlier had become most difficult. The immigration of foreigners was increasing. The aboriginal people were declining both in numbers and vigor. The competition of nations for leadership, the influence of unscrupulous foreigners who wished to exploit the islands, a mistaken policy of the American Board in withdrawing from the field to a great extent, together with the decline of morals during the corrupt reign of Kalakaua, in consequence of which there was a waning of religious fervor among the natives, caused many to feel that a return to paganism and worse was imminent. It was to be a main figure in resisting these tendencies

that Oliver Emerson was called back to the Islands, and to this task he gave himself for seventeen years.

It is of the work of his father's generation that he tells and few men are so well fitted to tell it. It is my hope that this personal testimony to the history of almost a hundred years may be preserved and that it will be read by many who have little idea what the remarkable development of these islands cost.

EDWARD C. MOORE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
April 15, 1928.

CHAPTER I

WHO WERE THE PIONEERS?

OUT in the deep waters of the Pacific, just within the tropics, two thousand miles from San Francisco, lie the beautiful, mountainous, isolated Hawaiian Islands. There is a theory that they are the tops of high volcanic mountains, the bases of which are thousands of feet below the level of the sea. Eight of the islands are habitable, while the rest are bare rocky islets, most of them lying far to the northwest. The largest island, Hawaii, which gives the name to the group, and on which are the active volcanoes, and mountains rising nearly fourteen thousand feet above sea level, has an area a little less than that of the state of Connecticut, while Oahu, on which is Honolulu, the principal seaport, has only about half the area of the state of Rhode Island. Great stretches of impenetrable forests, mountain fastnesses, volcanic ridges, gulches and precipices, comprise most of the surface of the six larger islands, but there is much arable land capable of cultivation.

No one knows when these islands were first inhabited, but it was probably more than a thousand

years ago. The people who then made their homes in this "Paradise of the Pacific" were Polynesians, and undoubtedly came from either Tahiti or Samoa, as the Hawaiians, the Society Islanders or Tahitians, the Samoans, the Marquesans and the Maoris of New Zealand, scattered over a distance of 4000 miles, have similar languages, customs and traditions, quite distinct from those of other groups of the Pacific. The ancestors of these kindred peoples were probably Aryans and possibly came in a remote past from Southern Asia, making successive migrations, and coming at last to the Hawaiian Islands. They were experienced voyagers, and in their double canoes, made by lashing together two single canoes, they made voyages of thousands of miles without chart or compass, guided only by the stars and their knowledge of the winds and tides. Indeed in this daring quest of over 2200 miles to Hawaii, they could only have encountered occasional barren rocky islets, where sea-birds congregate and make their nests.

The finely formed, statuesque Hawaiians with their tanned skin, straight black hair and friendly eyes, are attractive and gracious. They built thatched huts and had their own arts, making with tools of volcanic rocks, bones or coral, their canoes, war and domestic implements, and calabashes for food. They wove useful baskets and mats from pandanus and palm leaves and beat hibiscus bark into tapa coverings. With a warm and equable

climate and a rich soil they were not driven to hard labor or great exertion. Being a primitive people their ideas of family life were crude and faulty.

The islands became well populated and were governed by chiefs who, if powerful enough, might attain kingly rule. The religion was one of idolatry and the use of fetishes and ceremonials. The priests were *kahunas*, who, with the chiefs or kings, exercised control by an elaborate tabu system which with oppressive, meaningless rituals, ordinances, regulations and penalties, often of death, handicapped the lives and liberties of all, reducing the common people to serfdom.

A common person must crawl in the presence of a high chief, it was tabu to touch him or even cross his shadow. Women were especially restricted, it was tabu for them to eat bananas, cocoanuts, certain fish or pork. A Hawaiian dwelling of the better class consisted of several huts, two of which, that for the family idols and the one in which the men ate, it was tabu for the women to enter, on pain of death. Men and women were never allowed to eat together, or even to have their food cooked in the same oven.

There were many tabus relating to ceremonials and many occasions and periods when no one must leave his hut or light a fire and when no sound must be heard, even the dogs must be muzzled and fowls shut up under calabashes. But the saddest part of this heathenish cult was the tyranny which the

kahunas exercised over the lives of the people by working on their superstitious fears.

Comparative peace and prosperity seems to have reigned, however, until about 1450, when, according to Judge Fornander, whose "Polynesian Race" is considered an authority, there began an era of strife, internal and external wars on each island with all the dire consequences of anarchy, depopulation and degradation.

There is evidence that Spaniards touched at these islands in the 16th century, but it was Captain James Cook, the English explorer, who in 1778 first brought the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, as he named them in honor of Lord Sandwich, his patron, to the knowledge of the outside world. Later, in the spirit of adventure, came English, French and American traders and whalers, bringing in many instances intoxicating liquor and disease which added their demoralizing influences.

Some of these men were, however, of different character. Preëminent was Captain Vancouver, a distinguished official of Great Britain commissioned to make a survey of the Northwest Coast of America and to receive certain concessions from Spain. He visited the Hawaiian Islands several times, greatly to their advantage, introducing cattle, sheep and goats, orange trees, grape-vines and other useful plants. He sought to establish peace between the chiefs, advising them wisely and refusing to furnish them with firearms.

It was at this period that Kamehameha, the most noted ruler of the Islands was coming into power. This able chief was the nephew of King Kalaniopuu of the island of Hawaii, who appointed as his successor and King, his son Kiwalao, placing Kamehameha at the head of the tabu system and in charge of the famous conch shell, the ancestral war god, Kukailimoku. But soon after the death of Kalaniopuu in 1782, certain powerful chieftains invited Kamehameha to their leadership in opposition to Kiwalao. This proposal he accepted, preferring the rôle of a king to that of a high priest, and when Kiwalao was killed in battle Kamehameha's conquests began, ending finally in his becoming in 1794 king of the entire group with the exception of the island of Kauai, which acknowledged his sovereignty a few years later.

Vancouver was especially helpful to this active and successful chief and warrior, the first king of the Hawaiian Islands, always called Kamehameha I. He advised him as to the discipline of his troops, the management of his kingdom and intercourse with foreigners, and strongly recommended to his confidence John Young and Isaac Davis, two able seamen who had become residents and who proved of great service to Kamehameha in his conquests, handling his artillery and thus giving him a great advantage over his opponents. In return they were treated with great consideration, were presented with valuable lands and raised to the rank of chiefs,

John Young being finally appointed governor of the large island of Hawaii.

They and a few other white settlers more than a century ago helped the natives to come into touch in a crude way with our civilization; perhaps the most marked change made by them was the introduction of iron tools. Their disbelief in idolatry and superstition helped to bring about the final abandonment of the tabu system, which occurred a few months after the death of Kamehameha I, at the beginning of the reign of his youthful and weak son, King Liholiho, Kamehameha II. The disapproval of the foreigners to the tabu system and perhaps their sneers, its harshness in the treatment of women, roused the opposition to it of the powerful regent Kaahumanu and her associates, especially the courageous chieftess Kapiolani. These two women combined their efforts, and with the consent of the great *kahuna* and high priest Hewahewa, the young king was persuaded to break the tabu and the women and the king ate together the prohibited fish and fruit.

When the tabu was thus violated by the rulers themselves, the cry was raised: "The tabu is broken, the tabu is broken!" Unrestrained license ensued, and for a time pandemonium seemed to have broken loose; the high priest himself led in profaning the sanctuaries and destroying the idols. But this heathen cult was too deeply rooted to be given up without a struggle and a large body of chiefs, priests

and common people rallied around the brave and popular young chief Kekuaokalani, who was indignant at this desecration. A battle was fought in its defense and lost, followed by further license and profanity. The frightful, hated idols were thrown down, buried, hidden away in caves or cast into the ocean. The white men had thought the tabu system bad enough, but this license was worse and the need of some restraint was sorely felt.

At this crisis, in April, 1820, the brig *Thaddeus* sailed into the harbor of Kailua with the first band of American missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands. A council of chiefs was held to consider the advisability of letting them come ashore. Vancouver's promise to send English missionaries had not been fulfilled. John Young and Isaac Davis gave their votes in favor, saying: "These men from abroad bring the faith which has made England and America great," and permission was granted to the strangers to land.

Following this first company came many others, and thus the happy privilege of leading the Hawaiian people toward building their lives and their state on a Christian civilization, fell to the brave missionary pioneers, who for more than twenty-five years kept coming from the homeland to teach the Hawaiians a better self-control than the tabu system and a more satisfying worship than that of idols.

The story of the winning of these islands by this little group of sturdy and devoted men and women,

mostly from New England, who braved the long perilous voyage around Cape Horn, and then competed for the leadership of this impressionable native race with ships' companies of many nations, who brought trade in seductive and ruinous forms—this story of pioneer life and of laying the foundations of a state in Mid-Pacific, is a romance. It is to tell of the times, surroundings and experiences of one family of this band that the following pages are written.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE OF TWO OF THE PIONEERS

Chester and the Nelson Hills

THE fifth band of American missionaries arrived at Honolulu from New Bedford, Massachusetts, in the bark *Averick* on the 17th of May, 1832, and among them were my father and mother, John S. Emerson and his bride Ursula Sophia Newell Emerson.

My father was born December 28, 1800, in the fine old town of Chester, New Hampshire, the home of his ancestors; his grandfather, Samuel Emerson, being one of its noted early settlers, and his father, Captain John Emerson, a revolutionary soldier. Captain John inherited from his father the farm of 300 acres, and in 1798 built on rising ground the substantial Colonial house, still standing in a good state of preservation.

During his boyhood my father worked on the farm, and, like many New England boys of that time, studied during the long winter evenings, working over his Latin grammar by the light of pine

knots which blazed in the large fireplace of his happy boyhood home. As one of a wide-awake family of two brothers and six sisters, three of whom married notable men of the day, he received a stimulus and training which proved very helpful to him in after life.

At the age of eighteen he left home and devoted himself to preparing for college, graduating from Dartmouth in 1826, one of the honor men of his class and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He was then appointed headmaster of Moore's Charity School, an institution which fitted students for Dartmouth and was closely connected with the College. This position he held for a year, at the same time attending lectures in the Dartmouth Medical School, a course of study which proved most valuable to him in after life. In 1827 he resigned from the Moore School to enter Andover Theological Seminary and study for the ministry.

It was during the last part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth that Protestant churches, especially in England, Scotland and The Netherlands, began to be interested in foreign missions. From 1790 to 1800 two missionary societies were formed in England, one in Scotland and one in Holland, and early in the new century several more were organized, each leading denomination beginning to send men into foreign fields. This interest in missions soon crossed the Atlantic, and societies sprang into being in the United States and

began active work. The first of these, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was formed in 1810, Mills and Newell of "Haystack" fame having initiated the movement. Following their lead many distinguished men were sent to Turkey, India and Africa, and in 1819 Asa Thurston, Hiram Bingham and others were sent as the first band of missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands.

The interest of the American Board in Hawaii was awakened by the life of an earnest Hawaiian boy named Opukahaia. About the year 1808 Captain Brintnall, an American sea captain visiting Hawaii, became interested in three or four Hawaiian boys and engaged them as seamen, one of them being Opukahaia, an orphan whose parents and brother had been brutally killed in one of the wars between the Hawaiian chiefs. On the arrival of his vessel in New York Captain Brintnall invited him to his home in New Haven, and though only a boy of fourteen he showed a great desire for an education; in fact, Rev. Edwin W. Dwight found him one day weeping on the steps of one of the college buildings because he saw no way of satisfying this desire. Mr. Dwight kindly became his instructor and brought him to the notice of Mills and his colleagues; and he, with six other Hawaiians, were among the first pupils of the school at Cornwall, Connecticut, which was established for the suitable education of boys from non-Christian lands. Opukahaia studied for the ministry, earnestly hop-

ing to return to his countrymen and tell them of the true God. His death in February, 1818, roused a general interest in his people, and in October, 1819, this first band of missionaries, consisting of two clergymen and five laymen with their wives, accompanied by four Hawaiian boys from the Cornwall school, embarked at Boston for Hawaii. During the subsequent twenty-five years eleven successive companies followed them, my father and mother being, as I have stated, in the fifth company.

In going out to Hawaii to spread the knowledge of Christian truth, these men and women did not have any fixed idea of permanent settlement or of founding an American colony. Their aims were spiritual. They did not leave home because their lives were cramped, they did not go to escape persecution or to enjoy larger liberties, they did not go to seek fortunes; theirs was a religious venture, they went at the command of Him who said, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations." The lovable Hawaiian people adopted them as their spiritual leaders, and they in turn took the Hawaiians into their hearts and became loyal subjects of that island kingdom. But they did found what was called sixty years ago by our ambassador to China, Anson P. Burlingame, "the only American Colony," and in course of time the closest relations were won by them between Hawaii and the United States. In short, they, together with other Americans and Englishmen, laid

the foundations of the new territory which is now a part of our nation.

My mother was Ursula Sophia Newell of Nelson, New Hampshire, a lovely young woman of twenty-five when she married my father in the Nelson parsonage on the 25th of October, 1831. Her father, Rev. Gad Newell, was pastor of this picturesque hill town of southern New Hampshire, and she was his only daughter. She came rightly by her active, sympathetic nature, for he was full of nerve and was well known as a man of strong conviction and of fine, generous feeling.

He was born in 1763 in Southington, Connecticut, and his ancestors were among its early settlers. He graduated from Yale College in 1785, was settled over the Nelson Church in 1794, and in 1795 married Sophia Clapp of East Hampton, Massachusetts, a descendant of Roger Clapp. Here in Nelson my grandfather and grandmother spent the rest of their lives, and after 1840, when his wife died, here Gad Newell worked on with neither wife nor daughter till his death in 1859, in his ninety-sixth year. The manual of the Nelson Church, published in 1858, says of him, "Mr. Newell is still living, and although in his ninety-fifth year he regularly attends church, frequently leads in prayer, and conducts the service when the minister is absent. Age has done comparatively little as yet to impair his activity. His countenance is as fresh and he

walks as spry as a man of sixty and his voice is as loud and as free from trembling as any minister of my acquaintance."

The town of Nelson, called Packersfield before the Revolution, is ten miles northeast of Keene, and the township is known there as "The Nelson Hills." The fine scenery from the heights which guard the village, of mountains and hills, lakes and forests, repays one for a climb and makes it a chosen spot for summer residents.

In writing of the early settlers of Nelson, Rev. George L. Cady says, "Surely in some way the granite of the hills, or the granite of their pastor's faith, got into their veins, for this town of Nelson sent about one hundred and seventy-five men into the War of the Revolution and only a few less into the Civil War." Mr. Henry Melville, a New York lawyer and a loyal son of Nelson, has found from a recent study of the town records, that one hundred and twenty-four men and boys, born or sometime resident in the town of Nelson, answered as volunteers the call to arms for the preservation of the Union, 1861-1865. Among that people there were no slackers to hold back when duty called to join the fight against a great evil. Again quoting Dr. Cady, "All over you can see the cellar holes on most impossible hilltops, with nothing but stones and trees to greet your eyes, where once lived those strong souls who gave their lives willingly to their country and their God."

There were no great reforms looming up in New England at the time of my mother's girlhood; the anti-slavery cause, in which in later years her brother, Dr. Oliver Pomeroy Newell, took intense interest, came afterwards. Perhaps that which most deeply stirred the earnest men and women of that time was the temperance reform.

The customs with regard to the use of liquor a hundred and a hundred and fifty years ago seem incredible to us of the present day. I have many times heard my mother say that when she was a little girl she would sometimes have to go to the grocery store to get a quart of rum for the minister who was exchanging for a Sunday with her father, and I have been told on good authority that for the collation which was served at the time of the dedication of the old Packersfield Church, long before my grandfather's day, such a quantity of liquor was furnished for the townspeople and guests, that a special detail of police was ordered to preserve decorum and suppress any undue hilarity which might arise. Though at the time of the temperance reform my grandfather pushed for abstinence, it is family tradition that only a few years earlier, his brother Pomeroy, twenty years his senior, "a much respected deacon of the Southington Church, once, at the close of a game, led in a race across a field and over a five-barred fence to Chauncy Dunham's tavern to get a glass of his favorite flip." Those were days when it took considerable decision of

character to face the convivial tendencies of society and frown upon them.

In this active little town the minister's daughter Ursula grew up. She was a favorite with all and the light of her father's eyes, efficient, quick, ready to put her hands to anything, even to milking the cow or harnessing the horse. Her skill with her needle is still shown in an elaborate sampler wrought in childhood, and a dainty christening dress which she made in Hawaii for one of her babies, preserved among the centenary treasures of Honolulu. As a student she had a high record at Pembroke and Bradford Academies, graduating from the latter in 1830.

While my father was a student at Andover and my mother at Bradford they became engaged, and decided to make the cause of foreign missions their life work. Among my father's classmates at Andover was William Schaufler, who became a distinguished missionary in Turkey, and doubtless these two young men had many talks with regard to the career they were planning to follow. Later, in their chosen fields of work, they were antipodes, one at Constantinople and the other at Hawaii, but the strong friendship remained unbroken and my father named his second son William Schaufler.

After graduating from Andover my father was appointed by the American Board to visit certain districts of New England, in order to awaken interest in foreign missions among the churches. He

travelled in a gig through New Hampshire, and in Massachusetts as far as Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, taking about a year for the tour and meeting with considerable success and varied experiences.

In a letter written to my mother from Truro, Massachusetts, I find, "Foreign missionary efforts in most places in this part of the country are disregarded, but sometimes interest can be aroused. A few women teachers have given five dollars apiece and some of the men have made quarterly contributions. I found in the box of my carriage a letter containing a five dollar bill with this note, 'It is the humble wish of the giver that this, or the value of it, may be reserved for the benefit of the first female convert from heathenism whom you may find suffering loss or affliction for Christ's sake. (Signed) A sinner.' Such things are deeply interesting. But while I find a few thus moved, there are many who are simply indifferent. A deacon of a church in ——— the other day refused to attend the meeting because I was to preach about 'this stuff.' The man never gave anything for any benevolent object except once, and that was through a mistake. I called on him, dined with him, and had a long talk, carefully explaining the matter and telling him the principles of the gospel. He assented to all I said, and at the close I asked if a man could be a Christian and not give for such a cause. He was obviously in some trouble—he loved his money and yet he was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to

keep his money and still get to heaven. I did not ask him to contribute, but at length he came forward of his own accord and gave me some money which I promised should be acknowledged to his credit in the *Missionary Herald*. It appeared to be given cheerfully, the amount was twelve and a half cents. Here you see a great soul! O what a place Heaven would be, filled with such spirits as his!"

My father's first interest in foreign missions centered in Ceylon, where his sister, Mrs. Woodward, and her husband were stationed, but the growing importance of the work in the Hawaiian Islands turned his steps thither, and after the year of New England touring he was asked to start for Hawaii as soon as possible after his marriage.

In leaving her home my mother doubtless realized that she was saying a long good-bye to her father and mother and friends. After the wedding party her father led her to the carriage on the hillside, waved his adieus to her as she drove away with her husband, and then turned back into the lonely house to hide his emotion.

So these two went forth from their native land to fulfill their chosen mission, not knowing the country to which they were going. During the remaining years of my grandfather's ministry, my mother's letters telling of her experiences were read aloud by him from his pulpit on Sunday. Father and daughter never met again. He died in 1859, just a year before she and my father, after twenty-eight years of



URSULA SOPHIA NEWELL EMERSON



REVEREND JOHN S. EMERSON

From miniatures painted in 1831

service, were permitted to return home on a furlough.

To perpetuate the memory of him who had been their honored pastor for over half a century, the people of Nelson raised a granite shaft over his grave. The girl who left her home to minister to untutored islanders lived as a heroine in their memory for many years, and seven of the friends she left behind had each a little daughter named Ursula.

“And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.”

CHAPTER III

ON THE ATLANTIC TO RIO DE JANEIRO

THE whaleship *Averick*, commanded by Captain Swain, set sail from New Bedford for Hawaii on Saturday the 26th of November, 1831, with a company of nineteen missionaries as passengers. It stopped at Rio de Janeiro for repairs, touched at the island of Juan Fernandez, and finally entered the port of Honolulu on the 17th of May, 1832. The voyage of almost six months by way of Cape Horn was an eventful one. Stormy weather was encountered at once and the ship was almost wrecked on Block Island. In his journal which he sent to his brother Samuel Emerson of Moultonboro, my father gave a graphic account of his experiences.

"Ship 'Averick,' Tuesday, November 29, 1831. Three days at sea. Ursula and I left Nelson October 25th and embarked on board the Averick November 26th. The constant habit of parting with friends during the past five or six weeks rendered the final parting at New Bedford much less painful to us than many former ones. Several of our friends

accompanied us in a sloop to the ship, which lay off in the stream. Making our last adieus, as we consider for life, anchor was hoisted and we were soon under fair sail between the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard and toward the open sea. We went at once to our small stateroom, which was accessible only over boxes, bags and barrels, and began stowing away our goods as rapidly as possible, for very soon half of our number were in their berths overcome by seasickness.

"During the night the wind increased to a gale and continued unabated, part of the time rising to fury. Several hundred boxes, barrels, bags and trunks lay loose on deck, in the cabin, steerage and staterooms, and were heard dashing about as though in controversy. Sabbath morning all were sick, few cared for food, no one felt able to move, and those who attempted it were compelled to climb over impedimenta at the risk of broken bones. Night came, the wind increased, and our ship was tossed upon the proud and scornful waves. Our baggage seemed to take to itself wings and fly here and there under no control; indeed we considered ourselves fortunate if we escaped being hit. But in the midst of it all no one appeared to be alarmed, for each felt that God was at the helm. Monday morning the Captain said that the sailors, thirty in number, were all sick except five or six experienced seamen. Everything about us looked like destruction—broken dishes, broken bottles of preserves,

etc., put up by friends, all dashed to pieces. But before long to our relief the sun came out, our ship which lay hove to all night was put off again before the wind, and some of us felt better.

"*Friday, December 2d, Latitude 34°.* We have been in a gale of wind almost constantly since we sailed. On Tuesday evening just after closing my last entry in my journal, the wind rose again to a raging gale, and the ship again lay hove to all night and most of the next day; indeed we have been compelled to lay to not less than four or five times since leaving port. On Wednesday everything in the ship seemed topsyturvy, you would have smiled to see what a picture of wretchedness we presented—we could but smile at ourselves. Toward night, however, a few of us felt enough better to really enjoy the scene of a tumultuous ocean, and on Thursday, which was Thanksgiving Day, we felt that we had occasion to be thankful that we were all safe. About ten o'clock in the morning we saw a wreck about three miles ahead of us. The Captain made directly for it and found it to be the *Corsair* of Charleston, South Carolina. It had a bale or two of cotton lashed on deck, but its mainmast and most of its foremast were gone; all the crew had probably perished in the gale which we rode out, and owing to the high seas the Captain did not board the ship.

"Last night our ship trembled and rolled, and we were again tossed violently to and fro, but today it

has been more quiet and the sailors have been attempting to 'slick up' a little, all our loose articles having been taken on deck to dry and be repacked. A little past noon we spoke the ship *Rochester*, bound to New York, and asked to be reported, 'Six days at sea and all well.' In the midst of our confusion and seasickness the Captain has treated us with the utmost kindness, like a brother, and we hope to enjoy his society as we go on our way.

"*Sunday, December 4th.* This morning the main topsail was torn away by the violence of the wind and the seamen have been busy all day bending on another. Nearly half of our number are down again, so our plan of holding services was given up.

"*December 6th, Latitude 32°.* Today our ship rides with more steadiness. The wind is now bearing us under full sail directly on our course, southwest by south, and we are probably not less than fourteen hundred miles from Boston. While on deck this evening, watching the rush of our ship through the waves, the sparkle of those phosphoric animalculae, so often seen in the lower latitudes, was very brilliant; it seemed as if the ocean were bespangled with shining stars like the sky above.

"*December 7th.* Eleven days at sea. Nearly all of us are now well. Our clothing, much of which has been wet or damp for eight or nine days, is dry. One of the ladies made some cakes for supper, and we ate the first meal that I have fully relished since

we left New Bedford. We begin now to feel in good spirits.

"December 13th. Our progress for the last five or six days has been rather slow. There is some chance of our touching at the Cape Verde Islands to get oil for lighting purposes, as our lamps are now burning butter. We lament the loss of our oil which was washed overboard during the storm and we are compelled to be much in the dark; but the sacrifice of our butter, which burns quite well, is no great trial, as it is intolerably rancid and unfit for the table.

"Last Sabbath for the first time we held public worship on deck, brother Spaulding preached and the Captain and part of the crew were present. After the service the ladies and the Captain formed a Bible class led by one of our number; another man made arrangements for a class with the mates and boat-steerers, and I went to the fore-castle and secured a class of six or seven sailors. I am much interested and hope for good results if I have the wisdom to manage the class properly.

"About twenty-four hours after leaving New Bedford we entered the Gulf Stream, which helped us till we arrived in latitude 17°. Shortly after this we fell into the northeast trade wind which continued till yesterday. After passing southward four to eight degrees more we shall be in the southeast trade wind. This region of rain and sunshine, calms and squalls, which extends a few degrees each side

of the equator and is where the northern and southern trade winds meet, is called the 'swamps.' This evening we caught a porpoise, a part of which was served for supper, tasting somewhat like venison. The blubber yielded about a gallon of oil.

"December 31st. Last Saturday, two days after securing the porpoise, we fell in with a school of whales and captured two of them. That afternoon, Sunday and Monday were spent in trying out the blubber, about forty barrels of sperm oil being secured, so now we have enough for all our needs. During the past week we have seen much that was interesting—sharks, dolphins, albigores, skipjacks and two or three water-spouts.

"On Wednesday, while the ship lay in a dead calm, the Captain proposed that we should go into the water with him for a swim. Three of us jumped into the boat, rowed off half a mile from the ship and, leaving the boat with one of our number, the rest of us were soon in the water. In three or four minutes one man jumped back into the boat, the Captain following, and immediately the cry was raised, 'A shark is close by!' I was in the water alone, but so near the boat that by making immediate effort I was with help in half a minute safe aboard. The shark was coming straight for me and as I sprang into the boat passed directly under me. The Captain caught up his lance and killed the monster. Those so inclined had the rest of their

swim unmolested, but I declined to make any further attempt and spent the time in reflection."

I find in my mother's journal under date of December 26th:

"Today for the first time we have had thunder and lightning, and I have been interested in the phenomenon I have often heard of but never seen before, a water-spout, about two miles away. It rose like spray in a conical form to the height of several feet, and then for several feet was almost invisible, until upon the cloud above we saw it enlarged, a curving stream of white vapor. I watched it for several minutes before it broke and disappeared.

"*December 29th.* We are almost becalmed but have frequent showers and I have been able to catch some water and wash out a few articles. I have felt no privation more than the lack of plenty of fresh water. While sick I thought it would cure me to have a good drink from father's well.

"*January 2, 1832.* We have crossed the equator and are now in the trade winds, proceeding with tolerable rapidity. While in the swamps we had no regular trade wind, very little wind of any kind, and the air was intolerably oppressive. Our state-room has no opening except the door and is almost as hot as an oven. In pleasant weather we are on deck most of the time under an awning which the

Captain has put up for us, and several nights my husband and some of the other men have slept on deck; sometimes when I awake almost suffocated, I too jump up and run on deck just to get a good breath.

"January 4th. I wish, my dear parents, you could have seen what we saw this morning—immense shoals of flying fish. They have beautiful fin-shaped, silvery wings and rise from the water, flying near its surface for quite a distance, sometimes flying on deck, where we have a chance to see them close at hand. They are a hapless fish, having no peace in sea or air. Dolphins pursue them in the water and when they fly, sea gulls are quick to seize and devour them. This morning large flocks of gulls were seen in every direction hovering upon the surface of the water, and as the sun shone upon them and the silvery wings of these little fish, it was a brilliant picture. A number of dolphins were caught the other morning, and made a fine meal for us. They are about as large as shad and with their varied hues are very beautiful. When taken from the water they are sometimes of a beautiful shade of green, but in dying they pass through the various colors of the chameleon; some are of a silvery hue at first and then change to sky blue or bright green. The water seems literally alive with fish of almost every kind.

"January 6th, 10° S. Latitude. We now have a brisk breeze bearing us along at the rate of seven

and a half miles an hour. I am in good health and spirits, and all of our ship's company were able to sit at the table today, excepting Mrs. Lyman. Captain Swain has been examining the foremast and finds it much decayed. He thinks it will not answer to go around the stormy Cape and that we must put into some port to make repairs, probably Rio de Janeiro, where at the rate we are now sailing we should arrive in a few days.

"Sunday, January 15th. Friday morning was the first time we saw land distinctly, and I assure you it was a pleasant sight after seeing nothing but sky and water for seven weeks. Cape St. Thomas and other high points of Brazil were first discovered. When we came on deck yesterday morning the most beautiful scenery of mountains and highlands a few miles distant was before us. Such wild, majestic grandeur I never saw equalled, and the scene was constantly changing, only to disclose new beauties. But toward night dark and heavy clouds rested upon the summits of the mountains, vivid flashes of lightning streaking across them, and just after sunset a severe tempest arose, the high wind being accompanied with torrents of rain, terrific thunder and lightning. Until just before it began the sails were all spread to the wind—in an instant all hands were ordered to furl them to prepare the ship for the storm, and for a few moments all was confusion. You can hardly have an idea of it without expe-

riencing the reality. But we safely weathered the tempest and in a few hours were again on our way."

My father continues under the same date (Sunday).

"At sunrise this morning we were within a few miles of the most romantic scenery I ever saw. I could but gaze on it with intense interest. Soon we entered the harbor, Sugarloaf on one side and Fort St. Croix a little farther up on the other. The mountains on both sides are imposing beyond anything I have ever seen, and seamen who have visited most of the world's ports say this surpasses all others. The mountains at the entrance of the harbor appear almost totally barren, but as we approached the city the verdure continually increased, until on the hills and in the gardens in and about the city one sees a paradise of luxuriance. All that Stewart says about the scenery we have found to be true, but his description when compared with the reality appears almost commonplace. The harbor is excellent, the shores bold and safe."

It was fifty days since they had left New Bedford and the ship was detained at Rio de Janeiro about three weeks. This gave the ship's company time to recuperate and see this famous Atlantic seaport.

"*January 17th.* We have all been on shore to-day, spending the time shopping, visiting Castle

Hill, etc. At three o'clock, the usual hour, we dined at a public house, kept by Mr. Johnson, an Englishman, and our company of seventeen, with Mr. Briggs, captain of a ship from New Bedford, and a few others, filled our table. Our bill of fare consisted of turkey, mutton, beef, chicken, ham, and fish of a fine flavor, English potatoes, fresh cucumbers, salad and water cresses, while for dessert we had oranges, lemons, pineapples, mangoes and bananas, all fresh from the trees, with wine and water to drink. These fruits I assure you were treats to us who but seven weeks ago left New England at the beginning of an incipient North American winter.

"The ladies of our party attracted much attention; women ran to their windows and men looked out from their stores to see us, and every half-naked negro seemed astonished, for probably few ladies had ever been seen walking unveiled with gentlemen on the streets of Rio; indeed the native ladies are seldom seen on the streets and never unveiled. After breakfast the men put their women under lock and key till business hours are over, when they return to dine, and nothing is done by society people during the rest of the day.

"Architecturally the city suffers in comparison with others I have seen, most of the houses being one or two stories high, covered with a kind of tile made of sun-burned clay. In passing along the streets one of the first things we noted was the appearance of the slaves, who constitute two thirds

of the one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand inhabitants of this great seaport. Most of them are half naked, and some of them are entirely so; some wear a pair of tan drawers reaching from the hips to the knees and a loose tan shirt which hangs over them, but the upper garment is usually dispensed with. Their work is regulated by a tune which enables them to keep exact time. They row by a tune, carry burdens by a tune, and much else. It consists of only two or three loud shrill notes which sound very savage and in which all join. They carry their burdens on their heads. The bags of coffee which they bear in this way weigh not less than a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds; the water firkins, also carried on their heads, hold about three bucketfuls. Some of the slaves appear to be very wretched, or look sick, while others seem cheerful and even gay. Many of their masters send them into the streets in the morning to earn what they can, and at close of day they must bring in a certain sum, a shilling or two, at the peril of a whipping. They supply their own food and clothing, hammock and lodging-place without the aid of their masters."

CHAPTER IV

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO TO HONOLULU

THE *Averick* sailed from Rio de Janeiro on February 3d and again encountered rough weather which lasted several weeks. On February 21st my father writes:

"This is the first time I have been able to continue my journal since we left Rio. Eight days ago we came on the Brazil Banks, so called, and here we have been with but little change of place ever since, the wind blowing a gale almost constantly, and the motion of the ship intolerable. Ursula has been confined to her bed four days, prostrated and without appetite. Her recovery is retarded by the tossing of the ship day and night, for it requires constant effort on her part to hold herself in bed, as her berth is much of the time as far from horizontal as the roof of a New England barn.

"*March 29th, Latitude 33°, Longitude 79°.* We are now in pleasant weather, and the thermometer registers 70°. For over six weeks I have been almost constantly at Ursula's bedside; for four

weeks a watch was necessary every night, half of which I took. She is now better, able to take a little nourishment and sit up for half an hour each day. Had the voyage around Cape Horn been as boisterous as it often is, my dear companion would have suffered exceedingly, if indeed she had survived the trip."

Many weeks later, when my mother was able to take up her journal again, she writes:

"Although during the first three weeks after the beginning of my illness we were in a constant gale, yet our passage around Cape Horn, the point so much dreaded by mariners for tempests and storms, was remarkably smooth and pleasant. It took us only about twenty days to go from Staten Island on the east side of the Cape to 45° South Latitude in the Pacific. Many ships have been detained in making this distance thirty, fifty and sometimes sixty days, besides having tremendous storms, head winds and extremely cold weather. We did not suffer from cold, and after passing Staten Island, where we were detained a week by head winds, the wind was but little of the time boisterous. Captain Swain said he had never had so fine a passage around the Cape."

On Sunday, April 1st, my father wrote:

"Today we had services on deck for the first time since approaching and rounding Cape Horn. It was

my turn to officiate and a few of the sailors were present. The Captain and one or more of the mates attend regularly, and at the evening service there were more sailors, but they are such cowards that few dare come in broad daylight lest they be laughed at, and so prefer to come in the dark."

By the evening of April 2d they were off the eastern side of the island of Juan Fernandez. I will quote in part my mother's description, though written a month later.

"The island of Juan Fernandez is thirteen miles long and four wide, a high and precipitous mountain of volcanic rock. The ridges appear to be covered with trees almost to the top of the mountain, the valleys between them are thickly wooded, and were the place inhabited by enterprising people it might be very fruitful. It is to Chile what Botany Bay is to England, a place of banishment for criminals. The Governor, a Spaniard, holds possession of the island for ten years as compensation for money loaned to the government of Chile. He seems to feel his importance and is styled king, but lives in idleness, spending his time in smoking and drinking, while the moral condition of the inhabitants is truly deplorable. They have a schoolhouse but very little instruction and few have any inclination to learn to read; they are nominally Roman Catholics and have three priests, one of the caves being fitted up with

pictures and images of rudest workmanship as the temple for their worship."

My father writes:

"On the morning of April 3d the gentlemen of our ship's company were taken in boats to the only settlement of the island, which is on the northeastern side, while the ship lay off and on. The village contains about twenty-five houses, occupied by the Governor and eighty soldiers who are his life-guard. Besides these houses there are thirteen caves dug into the side of the mountain, occupied by the convicts, of whom there are about a hundred men and eighty women.

"As soon as we landed we went directly to the Governor's house, which has two stories, the lower one without a floor and a receptacle for everything. Upstairs, where we found the Governor and Captain at dinner, we were received with considerable formality, invited to partake of wine and whiskey and then to be seated around the table for the repast, which we could not decline with civility.

"After visiting the prisoners in the caves, many of whom were sick and in a pitiful condition, the party made an excursion inland. The Governor provided us with a guide, who led us up a ravine between two spurs of the mountain, in search of fruit. Our course lay along a small stream of fine water which we could see only a few rods in advance,

so winding was its course and so precipitous in many places its fall. The banks of the stream were covered with vegetation. Wherever a bit of earth lodges there springs forth spontaneously a tree or shrub, an herb or tuft of grass. The first herb that I recognized was spring mint, perfectly resembling that which grows in my father's swamp in Chester. Tons of it could easily have been gathered. I also found a quantity of balm, and radishes of superior quality. Grass was abundant but did not strike me as being equal to our New England clover, although the sheep that fed on it were of good size and in good condition.

"But what caught my particular attention were the quince and peach trees, especially the latter, growing abundantly in the clefts of the rocks and among trees and shrubs of every sort. At first we found that most of the fruit had been picked, but as we proceeded up the valley we found more and of a better quality and were encouraged to continue our tramp, though the fatigue was excessive to us who after nine weeks of shipboard had almost lost the power of walking steadily on land. Some of the party gave out and returned, but the rest of us pushed on for an hour or more, until we came to where peaches were so abundant, that though our strength to carry them was almost gone, we gathered from a peck to half a bushel apiece before making our way back to the shore.

"On finding that the Captain was to remain three or four hours longer we undertook another ramble, this time along the shore towards a ravine, in the side of which is said to be the cave of Alexander Selkirk, from which he looked in unenvied glory.

" 'I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute.'

"You will remember that the story of his solitude was the foundation of the tale of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"On our way we saw myriads of crabs and shellfish sticking to the rocks, starfish, many about the size of a saucer, and numerous specimens of small voluta. The rocks on the shore bear marks of volcanic origin and are very porous; some were almost light enough to float.

"I was much surprised at the exorbitant prices people asked for what they had for sale, though they would take nothing for any fruit we might gather half a mile back of the village, considering it free plunder. Their gardens, which from the fertility of the soil might bloom like the garden of Eden, are overrun with weeds and bear little but that which grows spontaneously. In the mountain region the much sought sandalwood is found, besides the fruit trees. About sunset we all returned to the ship, and were soon under sail and out of sight of Juan Fernandez."

As a proof of the value of this short stop at Juan Fernandez and the thoughtfulness of Captain Swain, I find in my mother's journal:

"Besides the peaches and quinces, Mr. Emerson brought me one little apple that the Governor gave him. Some of our company procured some fine onions and radishes. The Captain obtained a few very fine mealy potatoes which were delicious, some squashes and string beans, small portions of which I was able to eat. You can hardly conceive how reviving fresh vegetables are to persons who have been deprived of them as long as we had been. The peaches I could only eat stewed at first but they made a refreshing sauce. The Captain bought also some chickens which much benefited the sick ones; but what I valued most of all were four eggs which fell to my share of a dozen, and which furnished me with *four good meals*. You would have smiled to see how I enjoyed them."

From my father's journal:

"April 11th, South Latitude 16°, Longitude 91°. During the last few days we have been sailing with great rapidity, for we have fairly reached the southern trade winds. I have just been on deck to observe the peculiarities of this southern hemisphere, and the first thing that I noticed, when we came directly under the moon's track, was the change in the position of her horns. Instead of pointing south, as

they do with you, they point north. A full moon near the equator is a very splendid object; it is so bright that we have repeatedly read by its light. We now see some stars you have never seen, and some of our old acquaintances are out of our horizon. Among the things that attract the attention of mariners in these latitudes are the Magellanic Spots and the Southern Cross. The spots are so called because they are vertically overhead in the latitude of the Straits of Magellan and are three in number. One is a dark spot in the Milky Way, apparently because of its entire destitution of stars; the other two, nearly south, one almost directly over the other and about 15° apart, resemble furry clouds. The Cross is near the dark Magellanic Spot, almost over it and a little to the left. The Dipper is visible here, and we occasionally recognize Venus, Jupiter and Saturn, but they appear as wanderers, like ourselves, in these ends of the earth.

"Monday, April 23d. Brother Hitchcock preached yesterday and more sailors were present than usual; there is no marked opposition to us, their attitude is only one of indifference, and oaths are as natural as breathing. We have never heard the Captain use a profane word excepting in one or two instances, and the first mate has almost ceased to swear.

"We crossed the equator between two and three o'clock this afternoon. The southern trade wind is carrying us forward with great speed. We have

probably sailed from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles a day during the last twenty days, and in fifteen or twenty days more we hope to reach the Islands.

"April 24th. Latitude 1° N., Longitude 115° W. Our southeast trades continue still unabated. This is unusual, for generally a calm takes place about on the line, and then in North Latitude 1° or 2° the northeast trades begin. Our voyage has been very free from accidents, no death has occurred and no one has been seriously injured by a blow from falling rigging, as often happens on board ship, but today we were startled by the cry, 'Pengry is overboard!' He was at work on the hull of the ship when something gave way and let him into the water, but he caught hold of a rope and soon was taken aboard without stopping the ship. I was astonished to see him dashing along beside the ship and holding on to the rope without exhaustion and without a bruise, and he came on deck wet and laughing. This morning we had a fine shower, the first of any consequence since leaving Rio de Janeiro, eleven weeks tomorrow. Nearly a dozen barrels of water were secured, and if it is pleasant tomorrow we anticipate quite a washing day.

"May 2d, Latitude 5° N. We have been almost entirely becalmed for about nine days, making only about five degrees of latitude and less of longitude. The northeast trades have not yet favored us and the calm may continue for a week or more. Some

ships have been detained on the equator more than a month in a dead calm, which I assure you is not a comfortable situation. I believe I dread a calm more than a storm. The slow creaking of the booms, spars and helm, the sluggish roll of the ship from side to side, and the incessant flapping of the sails against the masts and rigging—these, added to the heat and lack of air always experienced in a calm in the tropics, are more to be dreaded than the hoarse howling of the wind through the rigging and furled sails.

“May 9th, Latitude 19° N., Longitude 139° W. The *Averick* skims the water like a bird on the wing. Our company has been weighed again today. Ursula has gained five pounds and her health has improved very much during the past two weeks.”

We have come to the closing entries of the journals written on shipboard, for they were near the end of the voyage. On May 11th, my mother wrote:

“When I go on deck and see nothing but the blue sky and the vast expanse of water, I think of the delightful scenery around my dear home at just this time. I can almost see the green trees waving in the wind, *the beautiful ash* by the side of the gate and every little bush so familiar to me. I seem to smell the lilacs in the yard and all the spring fragrances that fill the air, and to hear the notes of the innumerable little songsters who cheer you daily with their

melody. But, ah! the illusion is short. The noisy dashing of the waves soon wakens me from my reverie and reminds me of the great ocean and wide continent which separate us.

"Perhaps some may inquire if during my privations and trials since I left you I have not repented engaging in this undertaking. But I can sincerely answer no. Although I love my friends as tenderly as ever and the thought that we shall meet no more often causes the tears to start, I have at no moment regretted my decision to devote my life to the work I have undertaken, or wished myself again at home."

I find in my father's journal, under date of May 15th, the following:

"Last Sabbath my turn came again to preach. Many of the sailors were present and in the evening all except ———, who appears hardened, ignorant and even violent, just such a man as I should expect to lead a mutiny. The sailors seemed quite responsive and attentive, perhaps because it is probably the last Sabbath we shall spend on the ship. Alluding to this we arranged for a meeting with them on Monday evening, when Alexander, Spaulding and I went forward and met them. After singing and talking with them for a while, we proposed a resolution in respect to their conduct in port, which was signed by all except one, and reads:

'Being fully persuaded that the use of spiritous liquors, and unlawful intercourse with women are two evils from which seamen in port suffer more than from all others, and believing that these, more than anything tend to lower their reputaton, we are resolved while in port at the Sandwich Islands to abstain totally from both these evils and to use our influence with one another to this effect.' The names of twenty-four sailors follow.

"*May 16th.* This morning we came in sight of land; the first island we saw was Maui, the next Lanai, then Molokai, and a little before sunset, Oahu. Land was a joyful sight to us all and had an exhilarating effect. Ursula and I were so busy packing our trunks as we pushed on towards our destined port of Honolulu, that we hardly looked at the land, which lay off fifteen or twenty miles. I only observed that in general it is high and presents much the same aspect as the coast of South America north of Rio de Janeiro. Viewed as the scene of our future labors these islands appear deeply interesting. The natives are just emerging from the darkness of paganism, and we trust their characters are now being moulded into Christian shape."

On Thursday, May 17, 1832, at eight o'clock in the morning, Captain Swain cast anchor in the roadstead of Honolulu harbor, the long voyage of the *Averick* was at an end, and the fifth company of missionaries of the American Board had arrived.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER AUTOCRATIC AND KINGLY RULE

THE story of my father's and mother's early impressions and experiences in their new home can best be told by quoting again from their journals. On May 18th, the day after their arrival, my mother writes:

"Honolulu, Island of Oahu. I am now, my dear parents, quietly seated in a spacious chamber in the house of my friend Mrs. Clark. I know you will rejoice with me upon the pleasant termination of our long voyage. The missionaries at the Islands had heard of our embarkation and were anxiously watching for us, so when the American flag was hoisted on the *Averick* at daybreak yesterday, they soon discovered it, and by nine o'clock six of them were on board to welcome us. We were soon taken on shore in the boats, and as we landed crowds of natives stood around greeting us with their customary friendly salutation, '*Aloha.*' A wagon was at hand; three of us jumped in and were whirled along by the half-naked men on a full trot.

"We went directly to Mr. Chamberlain's house, and after being introduced to most of the missionaries connected with the different stations, our letter from the Prudential Committee of the American Board was read and we were assigned to our temporary quarters while in Honolulu. We were very much gratified in finding that our home for the present, as well as that of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, was to be here.

"We are in a good stone house, two stories high and recently built. The stone is the coral rock and does not look very smooth or elegant, but it is the cheapest and best material of which to construct a house in this land. The native grass huts when new can be made very comfortable, but they will not last more than three or four years, and after they are old they are extremely uncomfortable, especially in the rainy season, and endanger the health of those who live in them. The materials of which they are made are highly combustible. In the dry season should they catch fire it would be hardly possible to save them or much within them. The carpenter's shop here was destroyed by fire a few days ago, together with a large quantity of lumber, a very serious loss to the mission. The wind was favorable or many more houses must have shared the same fate."

My father adds:

"We feel as happy as kings in a good large chamber, and at noon we sat down at Mrs. Clark's hospitable table to partake of a piece of fresh pork, sweet potatoes and bread, the best meal that I can remember for a long time; a good airy room, clean table and tablecloth, clean cups and saucers, making it still more appetizing. We spent the afternoon in getting our luggage ashore and after a good supper, pleasant conversation and evening prayers, what a luxury it was to sleep in a comfortable bed!"

The newly arrived recruits found themselves gladly welcomed by the members of the mission. Seven stations had already been established on four of the islands by about thirty men and women, who, by a happy coincidence, were about to come together for their "General Meeting" of the year, which lasted from two to four weeks and became of increasing interest and importance as the years and the work progressed.

My father continues under date of May 18th.

"At ten o'clock this morning, we went with our associates to be introduced to the King, Queen and royal family. We found young King Kaukeaouli, a youth of eighteen, in a large native house about sixty feet square, neatly built and thatched with grass, but entirely destitute of what we should call finish; that is, it had no ceiling, plastering, partitions

or flooring; the poles and thatch were clearly visible from within, and the ground was covered with fine mats. This was the reception room of the King. As we approached he came to the door, and after shaking hands with us quite respectfully he retired to the middle of the room, took a seat, and motioned to us to be seated on chairs placed before him. We then made known to him the object of our coming, showed him our credentials, and he gave us his cordial salutation, welcoming us to his Islands.

"One of our number in the name of the rest then made some complimentary remarks with regard to the great change and improvement that had taken place at the Sandwich Islands, and promised that as far as we could consistently, we would seek the prosperity of his kingdom while permitted to labor in it. After a little pause, the King then expressed the gratitude of his people for what the missionaries had done to elevate and enlighten them. 'We were a dark, very dark people, you have brought us light; we were ignorant and you have brought us knowledge; we like to have you among us, we will listen to your teachings and hope to be made better by them.'

"At the Palace we were introduced to Madam Boki, Kekaumoku and others, and with them and the King we walked to the palace of the ex-queen Kaahumanu, the widow of Kamehameha I, and for many years the noted and influential regent of the realm. She is quite ill and it is feared that she may

not recover, which would be a loss much regretted by the mission, as she is a person of great influence, a warm-hearted Christian and a friend of the missionaries. After our introduction to her as she sat in her chair, she said, with tears in her eyes, that the Lord had greatly blessed her people by sending them teachers of the good way of life. While there we were also introduced to Hoapili, Governor of Maui, who, like Kaahumanu, is a noble Christian leader. We have not yet met John Adams, the Governor of this island.

"Monday, May 21st. Today I have sealed my letters, which are to go to you by way of the Philippine Islands. At nine o'clock yesterday we attended the native service at Kawaiahao Church, about four thousand being present. Mr. Bingham preached and the audience was as attentive and orderly as our ordinary congregations at home. The natives were not, however, as deeply interested as from Stewart's description I had hoped to find them, nor were they as well dressed, though all had on something more than a *malo*.¹ At eleven o'clock there was a service in English held in the chapel and another on board the ship.

"As to the general condition of the people at the station I cannot say that I am disappointed; certainly appearances on the whole are as satisfactory as one could expect. Surely when I consider what

¹ A *malo* is the Hawaiian breech cloth.

was their state ten years ago, I must exclaim with wonder and surprise, 'What hath God wrought!'

"*June 7th.* Since I last wrote in my journal several things have happened worthy of special notice; among them the landing of all our goods in a tolerably safe condition, the arrival of the missionary brethren from the other stations, the beginning of the General Meeting last Friday, and, what is of greater importance than all, the death of good Queen Kaahumanu. She was taken sick the day we arrived, and after a few days was carried about five miles up into the beautiful valley of Manoa, a wonderful amphitheatre surrounded by high ridges and mountains excepting on the south, where the valley opens towards the sea.

"Immediately upon the Queen's removal to Manoa, the principal chiefs of the various islands assembled and followed her, remaining with their attendants in Manoa till her death, which occurred on June 5th. I called there on the 4th and was surprised to see that, within a week, a large village of perhaps one or two hundred grass houses had sprung up; the Queen's house, situated on the edge of a beautiful little grove of *koa*² trees, being fanned by a fine refreshing breeze from the mountains.

"Kaahumanu lived during the latter years of her

²The *koa*, with its beautiful crescent-shaped leaves and sturdy hardwood trunk, is the most distinguished tree of the Hawaiian forest. In olden days it was used chiefly for canoes and later for furniture and other purposes.

life a consistent Christian. Probably no person in the nation gave better evidence of piety than she. Religion had changed her entire character; once she was proud, revengeful, oppressive, cruel and a murderer of her own offspring, as she herself acknowledged; since accepting the Christian faith she has been humble, meek, kind, conscientious and thoughtful for her people. The shipwrecked mariner often experienced her kindness, as did others in affliction. The missionaries regarded her as a firm friend, on whom they depended for much support in aid of their benevolent designs.³

"The interment took place this afternoon. The order of the procession, which moved four deep from the Queen's house to the church, was as follows: First, the foreign residents and seamen, then the casket was borne, the chiefs and missionaries following, and after them came the people, soldiers under arms guarding the procession on both sides. The King was dressed in full uniform, as were his attendants. The chiefs were generally in European dress, and the women wore bonnets and gowns of silk, bombazette or cloth of a coarse texture, trimmed with black. The coffin was quite conspicuous, covered with crimson velvet fastened on with many large brass-headed nails, the Queen's name being spelled out with them on the lid. It had em-

³ It is related that the Queen died holding to her breast a New Testament just taken from the mission press—one of the first edition issued.

bossments and handles of brass, and made an imposing display. The trimmings of the coffin came as a present to the nation from England at the time King Liholiho (Kamehameha II) and his queen died there in 1824.

“Mr. Bingham preached the funeral sermon from the text, ‘I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith,’ speaking first in native and then in English, after which the procession moved to the sepulchre in the same order. The royal burial place is a small stone building where the bodies of the royal family who have died since the introduction of Christianity have been placed, common people and foreigners not being admitted into the plot enclosing it.”⁴

Thus these Americans, who had always breathed the free air of democracy and gloried in its equality and absence of caste and inherited distinctions, came to live under autocratic rule, where the King with a group of powerful chiefs held sway. But they did not come as political and social agitators, or as radicals to overthrow one government and establish another. They were radicals but of a different sort

⁴ Formerly a king or high chief, fearing his body might come into the hands of an enemy who would desecrate it by putting his bones to servile uses, appointed a trusty follower to take charge of his body at his death—a rare honor and a mark of warm affection. With great secrecy the bones would be hidden, supposedly in some inaccessible cave, where they could not be molested, and the man so entrusted would rather die than disclose his secret. The bones of Kamehameha I were never found.

—they sought to achieve for the Hawaiian people a higher moral and spiritual status. They knew that the character of the government would change with the character of the people, and their aim was to give them freedom and stability through obedience to moral law. In carrying out their noble purposes they won the confidence and became the guides of kings and queens, of chiefs and common people, and as long as they lived the 'development of the nation steadily advanced. Unavoidably the natives came under other influences which were hostile and did them much harm, but the training they received from the missionaries saved them from overwhelming disaster, and to this day the Hawaiians speak fondly of "*na makua o ka pono*" (the fathers of righteousness).

CHAPTER VI

THE THATCHED HOME

HONOLULU, only a primitive village of Polynesians and a few white men a hundred years ago, now the most important city and seaport of the Mid-Pacific, with a fine harbor and a population of about 100,000, is on the southern shore of the island of Oahu, one of the seven inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group.

Back of Honolulu the land rises abruptly to the Koolau range, which runs the whole length of the island close to its northeastern coast, with peaks three thousand feet high; while the Waianae mountains, a much shorter range, rise along the southwestern coast, terminating at the extreme west at Kaena Point, a wild, rocky headland, shaped like a bird's beak on the map.

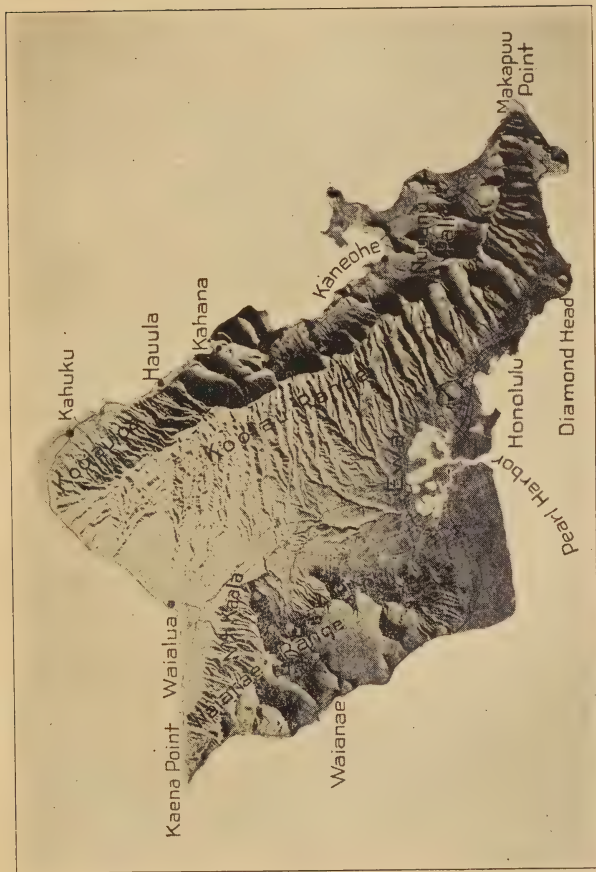
Between these two mountain ranges lies most of the arable land of the island on a great central plateau, cut by deep irregular gulches, through which flow mountain streams as they seek lower levels. Beyond the plateau on the northwest shore of the island is the village of Waialua on Waialua Bay, thirty miles from Honolulu.

It was in this district of Waialua that my father and mother made their home, carrying on their work there and in the adjoining districts for over fifty years. I find the beginning of this life work noted in my father's journal dated Honolulu, June 23, 1832.

“The General Meeting which has held us together now for three weeks is nearing its close; all the business is transacted, a deputation to the Marquesas Islands determined upon and the location of the newcomers made for the year. We are to go to Waialua, a new station on the northwest side of this island, about thirty miles from Honolulu by a trail overland, or eighty miles by sea. Our territory stretches along the coast about thirty miles, with a population of nearly 8000. The missionaries on their tours have preached at Waialua a few times, but no church organization has been formed.

“A grass meeting-house, capable of holding twelve hundred, was built by the chief about two years ago, but is quite inadequate to the needs of the people. I was there last Sunday with Mr. Gullick and there were several hundred who could not get into the house. You see, my dear brother, a new field is assigned to us in these ends of the earth.”

I will let my mother tell the story of her first journey from Honolulu to Waialua and what she found there.



From Headquarters Hawaiian Dept., U. S. A., Fort Shafter, T. H. Reproduced with added names from photograph by U. S. Signal Corps

Relief Map of Oahu

“Waialua, Island of Oahu, July 27, 1832. My dear parents, could you now look in upon us, you would see us sitting in a native house, with only one apartment excepting what is made by curtains, with no windows and only one door, instead of the pleasant chamber in Mr. Clark’s house in Honolulu, which we have been occupying for the past two months. But we are not unhappy—no, I have not enjoyed myself so well at any time since our arrival at the Islands as at present, and this is the place we expect will be our home.

“As there is no road from Honolulu for any kind of vehicle, the trail being over deep gulches and streams, and our goods could not be brought on horseback, we set sail in a small native schooner on Monday, the 23d, and after a passage of less than twenty-four hours, arrived here. The vessel was too small to contain all our goods, but we brought enough to be comfortable till the rest can be sent. We were somewhat seasick, but were very kindly treated on board the boat. The wind was against us as we entered the harbor at Waialua, and we were obliged to ‘beat in.’ As soon as we approached the land, Laanui, our chief, came alongside in a canoe to welcome us, presenting us with a good watermelon, of which we ate freely and were at once relieved of our seasickness.

“As no one was appointed to be our permanent associate here, it was thought best that Mr. Clark and his family should come to spend the summer and

help us get under way with the language and our new labors. He with his wife and children came over by land several days earlier and live in a small native house a short distance from ours. Near by, two new houses are building which we shall occupy as soon as they are finished. Only a few rods from them is a fine spring of running water, which feeds a small river large enough for canoes. This is the Anahulu which, bending and broadening, empties about a third of a mile away into Waialua Bay, where the ocean waves roll in upon a sandy beach.⁵

"The friendly natives bring the materials and build the houses as a voluntary offering. As many as a hundred or more are at this moment upon or around one of the houses, some busily employed, others mere lookers-on, but all using their tongues with greatest facility. Could you be transported here in a moment from your quiet dwelling, you would be almost stunned by the noise; I suspect mother's head would soon ache. Yet it does not trouble me. I am amused when I listen for a moment to their unintelligible chattering.

"Very few of them have on any clothing excepting the *malo*. A few of the principal ones are decently dressed, but not many have even a shirt in their possession to wear on any occasion. When they go to meeting, in addition to the *malo*, they wear a large square piece of native cloth tied in a knot upon

⁵ The home was known thereafter as "Waipuolo," "The Bubbling Spring."

one shoulder, which hangs back and front below the knees.⁶ Some keep this on while at work, but it is rather an encumbrance."

On August 20th my father writes:

"Dear father and mother Newell, this is the first evening in our new house, in which we have lived for about a week, that I have been able to sit in my study and write, for I had first to make my table.

"Ursula has asked me to describe our houses. But how shall I do it? I might tell you that we have a great and splendid establishment built for us, or I might take the opposite tack and tell you that our dwellings look more like the tents of wayfaring men. In either description truth might to some extent bear me out, but avoiding the extremes I will try to give you an idea of their real appearance.

"We have two new native thatched houses, one for Mr. Clark and family, which will be my study after they leave us, and one for ourselves. We have also a cook-house, one old house in which our natives live, and a study for Mr. Clark; in all five houses. The one we live in is the largest, 36 ft. by 24 ft.

"The frame of a native house is built by fitting and tying to a ridgepole other poles which slant from it to the ground, or to upright posts, which in that case frame perpendicular sides. Across the

⁶ This is called a *kihei*.

poles are placed horizontally other smaller poles about an inch in diameter and two inches apart, the *aho*, to which is fastened the thatch, which is made of bunches of *pili* grass lapped like shingles. The cords used for tying and fastening are prepared from the strong *ahu-awa* reed. Our partitions are mats nailed to strips of boards and strung across the house; our floors are grass strewn upon the earth and covered with mats.

"The land on which our houses stand, about half an acre, is enclosed by a sort of palisade of small poles about six feet high, so fastened together with the native cord as to make quite a strong fence. This is necessary to keep the horses and goats from carrying off the houses, in other words, from eating them up, which they would do if they were very hungry. The cost of our establishment, if paid for by us in money, would not exceed one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, less by far than you would pay in New England for a small barn.

"A word or two about the natives. We have taken into our household a man and wife with an infant, and a little girl thirteen years old. They stay with us because they choose to do so, with liberty to go when they wish to leave us, but while they stay they are under our control. Do you say we have three servants to wait upon us two? Rather we have three persons under our especial training and care. To a Sandwich Islander, time is in general of no account. He comes to us without any

clothing except a *malo*, and his staple food, *poi*, costs but a trifle. Whatever clothing we put upon him is so much clear gain, and if too much is given him at one time he will give it away to some one more needy or perhaps more easy-going than himself.

"About three weeks ago Mr. Clark and I started a day school for teachers and seventy or seventy-five come to us. We teach reading, geography, writing and arithmetic, using 'Fowle's Arithmetic' for children five to seven years of age, translated into Hawaiian. Sums of the simplest character, such as 'How many cents will four oranges cost at two cents apiece?' can only be done after the fullest explanation. The natives have a good degree of judgment and skill in many of the practical affairs of life, but to sit down and think is something they are not used to and I believe they have no word in their language for *study*.

"Their thoughts on religious subjects are vague as those of children. In this part of the island there are a few, perhaps ten or twelve, who give some evidence of a Christian purpose. My acquaintance with the natives gives me a more shocking idea of the debasing, brutalizing effects of living without a real religion than I ever dreamed of. But what is their present to their former condition! Their idols are all destroyed and probably more than half of the families about us, whether they can read or not, have family worship and think of themselves as

Christians. But their vision is dim; yet in this respect there are signs of improvement, and we hope for many more. Many come to talk with us about religion and some wish to unite with the church, but we feel that Christians are more to be sought for than church members. Your affectionate son, John S. Emerson."

From my mother's journal:

"Sabbath Evening, September 2d. This is a lovely evening, just such as I used to enjoy at home. The same moon shines upon us and all is calm and peaceful. You are now wrapped in slumber, as our time is almost six hours later than yours.

"Our Sunday morning services, always in Hawaiian, are usually attended by as many as fifteen hundred natives. All except the chief persons seat themselves native style upon mats, while many who cannot be accommodated within, look in from outside. Our new building will accommodate a thousand more. Tuesday and Thursday evenings a few meet at our house to learn to sing. An intelligent Indian from the northwest coast, who has been here some time and is a fair singer, helps us. I cannot talk much, but I can sing the eight notes of the scale, *Pa, ko, li, ha, la, no, mi, pa*, and help them learn tunes.

"September 16th. Wednesday for the first time my husband attempted to preach in the native lan-

guage. He did not make the prayer, asking Laanui, the chief, to take that part of the service. We are very anxious to be able to speak this strange tongue with facility, but feel that it will be a long time before we can say all we wish. I tried today to teach the natives who live with us, and longed to be able to teach them as I could English children, but I could say so few words! For several weeks I have learned less by study than by daily intercourse with the natives, being obliged to talk to those living with us and in trading with those who frequently call to buy native books. You may think it strange that we do not give the books away. We do give away many, but where there is so little incentive to industry or exertion, it is important to encourage the natives to buy what they receive from us, and they value the books much more than if they were simply gifts.

“We get in exchange for books most of our food excepting what is brought from America,—*taro*, sweet potatoes and eggs more than anything else. *Taro* is the staple article of food for the natives; it is a root in shape somewhat like a turnip but having when cooked the consistency of potato. They like it best when steamed, mashed, mixed with water to a thin paste and left to ferment somewhat; this is *poi*. We boil it and fry it when cold and Mr. Emerson thinks it better than potato.⁷ Squashes, cab-

⁷The favorite Hawaiian way of cooking *taro*, sweet potatoes, pork, fish and fowl, is by steaming in an *imu*, or ground oven, by

bagges and melons are also brought occasionally, and pigs, ducks, chickens and fish are offered for sale. We have had no occasion to buy fish, as it is often sent to us by our chief or by some of the head men of the station. A few days ago a large hog and a pig were given to us. Of course meat cannot be kept long in this climate unless salted, yet our food consists more of it than I should choose if we had plenty of flour, but that is a choice article, as it is all brought from America. Indian meal is sometimes sent, though it is rather musty when it arrives, and flour has far less freshness than yours at home.⁸ We have as yet no cow. A little goat's milk, brought us once a day by order of our chief, adds much to our comfort, and a little butter is sent to us occasionally by those at the other stations, who do not forget us.

"I cannot tell you how we are troubled with insects. Mosquitoes, fleas, little red ants, cockroaches and mice overrun us and we must protect everything. My husband has made two cupboards which are very valuable; in fact, everything for our accom-

⁸ I remember when I was a child the welcome arrival of a barrel of flour from the United States. On opening it at the head, father found that a thick, hard crust of bilged flour had been formed just within the staves. So he tipped the barrel over on its side and cut it in two with a saw, and in that way easily got at the inner portions of the flour which had not been reached by sea water.

the use of hot stones, on the principle of a clambake. The young unrolled, inner leaves of the *taro* plant when cooked are tender and wholesome, and are then called *luau*. They also are cooked in an *imu*, and *luau* is the popular name for a native feast.

modation, from a door to a hoe-handle, must be made by him, as there is not another person within thirty miles who has skill enough yet to use our tools.⁹

"If the natives are sick they come to us for medicine and put as much confidence in us as we place in a skillful physician. Dr. Judd furnished us with various medicines when we left Honolulu and we have had repeated occasions to use them.

"So you see a missionary here must be not only a pastor and spiritual guide to the people, but also a school-teacher, doctor, farmer and mechanic, and this not for a few hundred, but for thousands."

⁹ An indispensable article of kitchen furniture in the tropics, for the keeping of meats and foodstuffs, is the safe, an insulated cupboard, open on all sides and covered with wire gauze.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNINGS

ON October 10, 1832, my oldest brother, Samuel Newell, was born, and early in December Mr. Clark and his family left Waialua and returned to his station in Honolulu. My father writes in his journal of December 12th:

"The stillness which brooded over our little group of buildings after the Clarks had gone seemed to cause a void almost insupportable. But we soon summoned up our resolution and went to work again."

The loneliness was certainly lessened by the new joy which had come to the household, as is shown in my mother's journal.

"January 28, 1833. Evening. My little Samuel Newell is now sleeping quietly in his cradle and gives me time to write again. I know, dear parents, you would love him could you see his bright blue eyes and sweet face. He grows more interesting every day, and though born in a grass thatched cot-

tage on this far distant island where he has never seen more than half a dozen white faces in his life, I think he would not suffer in comparison with his little cousins in Nelson; his face is as fair as theirs. Would some one say that this is only the effusion of a fond mother's heart? I know it, but to you I can speak without reserve.

"My dear husband is away on a tour examining schools, having left home yesterday morning with Brother Chamberlain, who came from Honolulu to accompany him. They will return tomorrow and go another way for the rest of the week. Their labors are severe during these tours. The path is often impassable for a horse and they must go on foot for miles over wild trails and precipitous descents. They will stop at a settlement, examine a school, preach or instruct the crowd of natives assembled, take some food and go on. At night, stiff and weary, they lie down on mats on the floor of a native hut, with neither bed nor bedding excepting the blanket and cushion they may carry with them, though the better class of natives can furnish them with a good set of *tapas*, which are comfortable sheets.¹⁰ A native man carries their luggage, the old red blanket you gave me which is very valuable, a

¹⁰ *Tapa*, or *kapa*, as it is called in Hawaii, is made by soaking the bark of the hibiscus shrub till it has become a pulpy colorless mass, and then pounding it on a flat-topped log and drawing it back and forth till it becomes a sheet. It was the nearest approach to cloth that the Polynesians made and was often decorated with designs colored by vegetable dyes.

pulu pillow I have made, and a box of provisions, the same box sister Sophia gave me, which contains a knife, fork, plate, etc., such things being very rare here. A number of natives accompany them, the head men and their attendants, so there is quite a caravan. Laanui, the chief, and Kuokoa, his head man, have a number of horses, and whenever we wish one it is at our service.

"*Pulu* grows on the stalks of a large fern and is somewhat like cotton, only more elastic and of a yellowish brown. We have a cotton tree growing near our door which yields very nice white cotton. I think it might be cultivated extensively if the natives could be taught to spin and weave and had the necessary implements. At Lahaina they have obtained a wheel, some cards and a loom and have actually made a piece of cloth.

"*Thursday Evening, February 7th.* We have just come from our singing school. The natives progress slowly and it is hard work, but we feel encouraged to hope they will finally learn. Very few attempt yet to sing on Sunday and not one of them can pitch a tune correctly. When I am there I take the lead with my husband's help, and when I stay at home they do the best they can. When he is unable to attend, I sing bass and all the parts by turns.

"A great many have been sick here of late; many come every day for medicine and my husband is often called upon to visit and prescribe as a physi-

cian even in critical cases. A skillful physician is much needed here. Yet we think that the climate is a healthful one for ourselves and that the disorders of the natives are due to their irregular habits of living.

"Thursday, February 21st. Many days pass without my having time for writing even a line. Every day I have my school for women teachers, and four or five mornings of the week a school of thirty or forty children.

"Tomorrow there will be no school for the women or children, as we hold in the afternoon the weekly prayer meeting for women, which I attend when I can, and to which from two to five hundred women usually come. They are divided into classes, teachers are appointed to instruct them, and later I question them upon the meaning of the verses. You may ask, where is the baby when you are at school? I leave him with one of my native women after I have fed and dressed him, and usually he sleeps or is a good boy. But sometimes he cries for mother and then he is brought into the school to me. All these duties and many others leave me but little time that I can call my own.

"Now I have finished my women's and children's schools for today, have despatched the dinner and am going to sit down to make my little Samuel a frock of one of my aprons. I shall probably not sew many minutes before some of the natives will call to buy a book with some eggs, or to ask questions

and tell their thoughts. We are likely to have these callers at any hour of the day or evening.

"February 25th. This evening just before sunset we paddled up the river two or three miles in a canoe with Laanui, his wife, and Kuokoa. Returning, we sailed down the stream nearly to its mouth, walked a little way on the beach and came home. The quiet of the evening, the smooth water, the mountain scenery near and far, the groups of native houses here and there, made the excursion a delightful one. I had not been out so far since we came here.

"March 1st. Today has been regarded by the mission as one of fasting and prayer, with special reference to the present conduct of the King. It has long been known that while he publicly favored the missionaries and professed to hold them in high regard, his private conduct was entirely at variance with their teachings and even with the laws of the nation, which prohibit drinking. For several weeks he has been intoxicated daily, disregarding all admonitions, growing worse and worse, and influencing many to join him in drinking and the hula.¹¹ A few members of the church at Honolulu and even a high chieftess, who is a member of the church at Lahaina, have been drawn into the snare, but they have been induced to confess their sins and appear penitent. During Kaahumanu's life the King was much under

¹¹ The degrading native dance.

her influence, and after her death strong hopes were raised in the hearts of the missionaries that he would forsake his evil courses and become a new man; but he appears now to have thrown off all restraint and to be rushing headlong to ruin. We cannot tell what the end will be.

"March 29th. This is a cool, squally day. The whole week has been stormy with frequent rains. Grass houses are very much affected by the wind; ours creaks and shakes merrily in this weather and admits the rain in many places. A fire would be a comfort if we could have it. Rain was much needed, however, for the ground was extremely dry and vegetation drooping, as we have had but few rains of any consequence during the winter.

"I regret to say that many are catching the wicked spirit of the King. Not so much here as at places a little remote; at Waianae, twenty miles distant, we hear of gambling and drinking. Things at Honolulu are more quiet than they were, and Governor Adams who has returned from Maui has taken a very decided stand against the doings of the King. The missionaries are earnestly entreating the church people to *"Ku paa i ka pono"* (Stand fast to the good), and most of them appear to do so. It is a sifting time; we trust it will separate the wheat from the chaff and advance the cause of truth in the end. In some places where they cannot get rum, they drink *awa*, an intoxicating drug prepared by

themselves, which has the same effect, and was much drunk in former days.

"We hear that some new missionaries are probably on their way from dear America and may arrive in a few days. How I long to see them! I hope they will bring letters from you all and perhaps an associate for us in our work here. There is more than enough for all to do.

"April 5th. I have been busy for two days entertaining two young Scotchmen who are making a tour of the island. One is in the service of the Hudson Bay Company and is bound for the northwest coast. I have had very little sleep during their visit, as they wished to ascend Mount Kaala and to make geological and botanical observations and must have early breakfasts and late suppers—but we were happy to show them hospitality.

"Our friends at Honolulu have recently received a letter from Mr. Ellis, formerly a missionary at these islands, now one of the Secretaries of the London Missionary Society, enclosing a pamphlet written by a sea-captain who has been here and plans to come again. It is an application to a noble lord for the patronage of the British Government in an enterprise to take possession of these islands in the name of the British Crown, and contains many misrepresentations and false statements about the missionaries.

"April 8th. Every day we have calls for medicine. Recently many sick babies have been brought

to us, and as I learn how the mothers treat their babies I wonder why so many live rather than why so many die. A man came to us not long ago and said he had a son born the night before and he wanted some medicine to make him live. He had had two children but they both died in infancy. My husband asked what their food had been. "The genuine food," he replied, "fish and *poi*." My husband told him to give this child nothing but milk of which the mother had an abundance, that that was all the medicine it needed. In about two weeks they brought the child to us, a poor feeble little body with a number of sores, and when I asked the mother if she washed it daily, she replied it had never been washed since birth. I charged her to wash it carefully every day and gave her other directions, and since then the skin has been healing and the child gaining strength. Last week we had a case of a baby three months old in a much worse condition because it had been treated in the same way.

"About two hours ago one of my scholars brought her baby sister very sick. Being told that she had been given fish, *poi* and potatoes, we sent the girl home for her mother, thinking that a personal talk with her would be more effective. The child was probably ashamed of her mother so had brought the baby herself. Those who live at a distance and see us but seldom will not attempt to talk with us without the help of someone who knows us well and is not afraid of us. They only gaze at us

with many exclamations of wonder. Even one of Mrs. Clark's teachers told her that when we first came to Waialua she did not dare to come to see us, for she thought we were gods. At our request the mother came, and as usual we entreated her to give the baby nothing but milk and to follow our advice. I noticed it looked cleaner than most children who are brought to us; wondering how she happened to think of washing it, it occurred to me it must have been the influence of the sister, who is a constant attendant at school and probably remembered my instructions regarding cleanliness, etc. So I was encouraged to hope that the results of my efforts may sometimes extend further than I realize.

"These cases are not unusual. Most of the mothers are equally ignorant and careless, and the idea of feeding their babies only on milk is entirely new and strange to them. Had we not a good strong boy of our own to show them, who has never been fed on anything else and has never had a sick day, I suppose we could hardly make them believe it possible that a baby could thrive on such simple food. I feel more than ever that a missionary's influence is in many ways increased by his being a married man with a family. The example of a Christian family will teach effectually where precept alone might make little or no impression. The usefulness of a bachelor must be much more limited.

"Imagine, too, the circumstances of a single man in a heathen land, surrounded by those whose habits

and customs are so trying. Who would cheer and comfort him? Where could he board with any comfort or procure wholesome food? With the exception of the chiefs, most of the natives live in low miserable huts with often only one room for a number of families, no furniture, and with pigs, dogs and cats as much at home in them as themselves. I think some of my good friends at home who feel it is unnecessary and unwise for women to become missionaries to foreign lands, would change their minds if they should come here to live for a few weeks and see the thousand ways in which a good wife of a missionary is *truly* a help-meet.

"April 12th. Today we have been giving our teachers their examinations and have dismissed them for the present, though I shall continue my children's school till the General Meeting in June. Those who have attended school regularly and tried to learn, have made good progress. I wish I could give you a picture of them as they sat in the meeting-house before us listening attentively. They were neatly dressed and respectable. Most of the men had good clean shirts, a few had trousers, still fewer vests or sailors' jackets, while others wore the *kihei*. All the women had dark dresses of *tapa*, which at a little distance might have been taken for silk, they were so new and stiff. They wore belts, which are seldom seen on Sandwich Islands women, and bonnets made of something like straw.

"May 12th. All day last Saturday we were anx-

iously looking for a messenger from Honolulu, who might bring us letters from home and news of the arrival of the new missionaries—but evening came and no tidings—we must wait yet longer.

“At one o’clock at night we were awakened by a loud rap at the door. The messenger had come with news of the arrival and twelve letters from home! We read several with eagerness to learn if our parents, brothers and sisters were yet alive, and then decided that we must wait for the remainder and retire again to rest. But to sleep was impossible, our eyes were wide open. We read another and another, finally laying them aside to get two or three hours sleep before morning. You can better conceive than I describe our feelings, alone as we are in this corner of the earth. We felt truly thankful for the good news from the land of our fathers. Last evening we received a package of *New York Observers* from Mr. Fowler of New Bedford, which gratified us very much, as we have seen no newspapers for a long time.

“*May 21st.* This morning we had a call from Hewahewa, the high priest and head of the tabu system, which after the death of Kamehameha I in 1819 was given up. He once offered human beings in sacrifice upon the altars of the *heiaus*,¹² and

¹² A *heiau* was an enclosed platform built mainly of flat stones where *kahunas* practised their occult arts. Hideous wooden or stone idols stood in conspicuous places, usually near the entrance, and at their feet were laid the dead animals offered in sacrifice,

gloried in his power. But he is now a different man. He used to accompany Kamehameha I from island to island on his tours of conquest and whenever the King wished to make an attack, Hewahewa was sent to a *heiau* to resort to his superstitious practices and incantations, in order that the opposing forces might be overcome and the leaders captured. If the omens were favorable he so informed the King, who would at once set the battle in array, and if victory were won, Hewahewa shared the glory.

“He said that the tabus when broken were often atoned for by forfeiting one or more hogs, according to the rank of the offender. If a person of low rank broke the tabu, one hog was the fine; those of higher rank had to pay two, five, ten or forty hogs, the last being the forfeit paid by a high chief.

“He confessed that he had been not only a murderer, but a drunkard, and that by the latter vice he had so weakened his eyesight he could not learn to read.

“He spoke of the follies of his people, of their ignorance and degradation, of his gratitude that the Word of God had come among them and his strong desire to become acquainted with the good Word, saying that he was spiritually lame and could not go without leading and support. He expressed his af-

sometimes the bodies of enemies slain in battle, or those who had become the victims of priestly jealousy and wrath. Strangely enough, some *heiaus* became the places of refuge, to which those pursued by enemies might flee for safety.

fection for us, his confidence in us as leaders, and the wish to unite himself with the people of God and spend the remainder of his days in His service. To see an aged man, who had spent his youth in the service of the Prince of Darkness, wishing now in his last years to learn of his newly-discovered Saviour, is touching beyond words."

CHAPTER VIII

GOING TO GENERAL MEETING

I HAVE referred several times to the General Meeting, usually held in Honolulu. It was the most important occasion of the year to the missionaries, not only for reporting, discussing and planning their work, but also for their social and family life. They brought their children with them, not daring to leave them at home, for though the natives were friendly and quite trustworthy, they were as yet untrained. It is estimated that the average number of children in each missionary family was six. When in time forty or more families formed the missionary band in Hawaii, the merry crowd of happy children collected in the homes at General Meeting time can hardly be imagined.

In 1833 the General Meeting was held at Lahaina on the island of Maui, which in the early days rivaled Honolulu in importance. My mother attended it with my father, undaunted by the difficulty of doing so with an eight-months-old baby.

I find her journal of June 5th dated at Lahaina.

“At sunrise on the 23rd of May we started from

Waialua on our journey. My husband and I rode horseback across the island eighteen miles to Ewa, which is near the southern shore, where we spent the night. Little Samuel's cradle was lashed to a couple of long poles borne across the shoulders of two natives, an arch over it covered with *tapa* screening him from the sun. The road was a narrow footpath most of the way and we could only go in single file. A large number of natives accompanied us, '*No ke aloha wale no*,' as they said, 'out of love only.' So altogether we formed quite a caravan.

"On our way we had to ford several small streams and go through a number of deep gulches, down which flow rapid mountain currents, which must be crossed. After heavy rains they are impassable, but now the water is low and I could cross on the rocks. In making the descents, which are very precipitous, I always dismounted, gave my horse to a native, and did the best I could afoot. We reached Ewa about 2 p. m. and found a comfortable house provided for our accommodation. Melons, baked potatoes, *taro*, fish and live poultry were sent in to us in abundance. Our rest at night was a short one, for at 2 a. m. Friday we had to embark in a canoe, arriving in Honolulu just in time for a late breakfast."

They spent a few days at Honolulu with the Clarks and then boarded a native schooner for Lahaina with Mr. Clark, Mr. Parker and Mr. Tin-

ker, who was an old friend of my father, and after two days and two nights of discomfort they arrived at their destination.¹³

“We were all seasick and heartily glad when the voyage was over. The cabin was hot and close and we could stay in it only a few moments at a time, so we kept on deck day and night under shelter of our umbrellas. Dirty, crowded vessels, a burning sun, seasickness, and so forth, do not tend toward making these passages from island to island excursions of pleasure.

“But I assure you it was a great pleasure to meet again our dear fellow voyagers of the *Averick*; indeed I had not seen a white woman since Mrs. Clark left us last December. Mrs. Armstrong has a baby girl nearly a year old, Mrs. Alexander a four-months-old boy and Mrs. Shepard a little daughter born a few weeks ago. She and Mrs. Chapin have both been in poor health, but are now gaining strength. I am very well and my baby also. He is eight months old, has two teeth, takes a step or two if I lead him, and sometimes by accident says ‘Mama.’ Mrs. Thurston said to me the other day, ‘I think you retain your New England bloom.’ Some of the ladies do look rather pale. My cheeks have perhaps pretty good color, but it could hardly be

¹³ This trip is now made in an island steamer in six or seven hours.

otherwise, I have lately been so much in the sun and wind."

On June 21st the General Meeting over, the homeward journeys were made, the sail to Honolulu being comfortably taken in fourteen hours.

"Again it was very warm in the cabin, but we spread our mattresses on deck and slept quietly most of the night, with nothing but the canopy of heaven for our shelter."

After resting a day or two in Honolulu, they took a single canoe for the homeward trip by way of Ewa lagoon, and my mother graphically describes their experience.

"Along the shores between Honolulu and Ewa for several miles stretches a reef of coral rock, and when the tide is high, canoes can sail inside the reef with perfect safety. At low tide this passage is dangerous on account of the rocks, but there is no danger in sailing outside the reef, if the sea is calm. We planned to leave Honolulu at the time of high tide that we might pass within the reef, but we made a wrong calculation and got to the shore just as the tide was going out. If we took the inside passage the canoe would have to be carried several rods, and the natives thought we could easily venture outside. So sail was hoisted and the outer course

on the open sea was taken. The wind at the start was gentle, but in a short time it rose to a stiff breeze and drove us with the utmost rapidity. Return we could not and all we could do was to keep on, committing ourselves to Him who commands the winds and the waves. Our little bark darted through the rough sea with fearful velocity, and if you had seen us you would have thought we would surely be swamped. When the natives saw a big wave ahead they would manage to go straight over it and not take it sidewise, and if they saw one behind they would run with it as hard as they could drive.¹⁴ We felt the seriousness of the situation and were excited, but we soon entered Ewa lagoon and peacefully sailed up to the village where, after a rest, we mounted our horses and rode across country to Waialua."

Among other matters of business at the General Meeting, the Marquesan mission was decided upon, and Messrs. Alexander, Armstrong and Parker were chosen to undertake it. The Marquesas Islands are about two thousand miles southeast of Hawaii and are peopled by a kindred Polynesian race. There was no lack of bravery on the part of these young men and women, but after a series of wild and trying experiences they were obliged to give up the

¹⁴ The natives frequently have double canoes made by lashing together two single canoes, which are not as easily upset, but cannot as easily be righted.

enterprise and return to Hawaii, where the story of the noble lifework done by them, and by the children that were born to them, is well known. That the Christian people of Hawaii were, however, not content to abandon their purpose to reach out to other islanders will be seen by later developments.¹⁵

"Waialua, July 11th. I am afraid you will think that I have neglected my journal, but the truth is that in all my leisure moments, daytime and evening, I have been at work on a large map of the world for our school. Each hemisphere is twenty-three inches in diameter. My husband projected it and I do the rest. Tonight my eyes are tired.

¹⁵ Rev. Richard Armstrong was Minister of Education during the reign of Kamehameha III. He was the father of General Samuel C. Armstrong, who during the Civil War in the United States commanded the Second Colored Regiment, and afterwards founded Hampton Institute, Virginia, which suggested itself to him, he states, because of his acquaintance with the Hilo Boys' Boarding School (Industrial) on the Island of Hawaii.

It was under Rev. Wm. P. Alexander's instruction that many of the best native preachers received their training for the ministry, and his sons and daughters have been distinguished for their ability and public spirit.

Rev. B. W. Parker rendered the Hawaiian people a valuable service and the name of Mother Parker is well known in the missionary world. Though she never again left the Hawaiian Islands during her long life of one hundred and one years, her keen intellect and sustained interest in the world's current events never weakened.

Their son Henry was the leading preacher to the Hawaiians and the pastor of Kawaiahao Church for more than half a century. He was a vigorous, active man, and during his later years revised the Hawaiian dictionary. He died recently in his ninety-fourth year.

"*July 19th.* We hoped and confidently expected to have an associate after General Meeting, but we are still to be alone. It has been extremely dry here for a long time, but today there has been a heavy shower which lasted for an hour. The drought has caused a scarcity of food in this part of the island and the few who have wanted books have had nothing to give in exchange. There has been an even greater scarcity in Honolulu than here, because so many have followed the King in his evil doings and neglected the cultivation of the soil. Our friends have at times hardly been able to procure any vegetables. We have been better supplied, as we have had a little plot planted with sweet potatoes and our chief has given us another *taro* patch. We have had many trials, but we have found the promise verified, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

"One trial, which to me is no small one, arises in connection with the natives who live with us. Ignorance and childishness are nothing if united with a teachable spirit and good temper, but if the reverse is the case, these failings often show themselves in forms truly appalling. Could we live by ourselves and have no domestics, I often think it would save us many anxious hours. But in order to train the people it seems wise to have some of them live with us."

Fortunately my mother's patience was soon relieved by the addition to our household of two

intelligent couples whose faithful services lasted for years. Puukua and Hannah, Huki and Polly were father's and mother's standbys, and were loved by us all.

"July 29th. It is just after dark and I am waiting for husband to come home to supper, he went out to attend a funeral a few miles away. Our food is on the table, a couple of roasted sweet potatoes, *taro*, a few roasted bananas, a little butter and a plain custard. I have become very fond of sweet potatoes and *taro*, they are our staple vegetables, and bananas, when thoroughly ripe and roasted, taste a little like baked apples. For breakfast in addition to *taro* and potatoes we sometimes have a bit of fresh or dried fish, and usually arrow-root jelly and milk, which must supply the place of coffee. It is very mild food, but I should not know how to do without it and the root is found in abundance in the mountains. For dinner we often fry the *taro*, which is very nice with salt pork or salt beef, with *taro* tops boiled for greens. Sometimes we have a chicken, but we have tasted no fresh beef for more than a year. We do not always have bread, for that is also a luxury. I send butter and eggs to the families in Honolulu as often as I can, as they have none but that which is sent them from the out-stations and but little milk.

"I think I told you sometime ago that we had to do all our cooking on some loose stones put together

in a temporary shelter made of grass and reeds. We have recently had an adobe house built for a cook-house and storeroom and it has a fireplace, a chimney and an oven. You would think it unsafe to have a chimney in a house with a grass thatched roof, but it is no more so than to have a fire without a chimney and we must do the best we can. The danger here is much lessened by the fact that the wood is of a very different quality from that in New England and burns with hardly any sparks.

"Ten o'clock. I waited till nearly nine before husband came. He found the water very deep at the usual place of fording the river and had to go up stream several miles and cross its two branches, riding twelve miles instead of six, and twenty-four in all.

"*September 10th.* My little Samuel is eleven months old today and is strong enough, if he were not afraid, to walk alone more than he does. How I would like to step in to see 'Grandfather Newell' with him on this your seventieth birthday, dear father. I think of you and mother daily and wish I could in some way contribute to your comfort. Dear mother, I want you to have a sheet of paper near at hand and when you think of anything you want to say to Ursula put it down—a few words from you, questions or anything, in ink or pencil, finished or unfinished, this is what I long for."

My mother gives a humorous example of the in-

ability of the natives of the early days to count as we do. A woman came to consult her about her baby, and my mother asked her how many children she had. "*He lehulehu*" (a good many), was the reply. "You cannot count them?" She gave the names of two or three, and finally, with the help of another native near by concluded that she had five children living. The Hawaiians counted by fours and their multiple was ten, their system apparently being based on the four fingers of one hand and the ten digits of both. Thus "*umi ha kanaha*" (ten fours make forty), "*umi kanaha hookahi lau*" (ten forties make four hundred).

"*September 13th.* The usual quietness of our station is disturbed this evening by the noise and carousings of the men who came to this place with the King this morning, a mixed multitude of perhaps two hundred. They have taken lodgings on the other side of the river, not half a mile from us, and the air resounds with shouting; at this moment their yells are hideous and the fife and drum add to the din. A good many whom the chiefs had turned away from their lands because of drunkenness immediately joined the King's train and are now a part of it. The people have been expecting his coming for a long time. I shall be glad when it is all over. Pigs, dogs, fish and fowl have been slaughtered in large numbers, and ever so many calabashes of *poi* have been prepared.

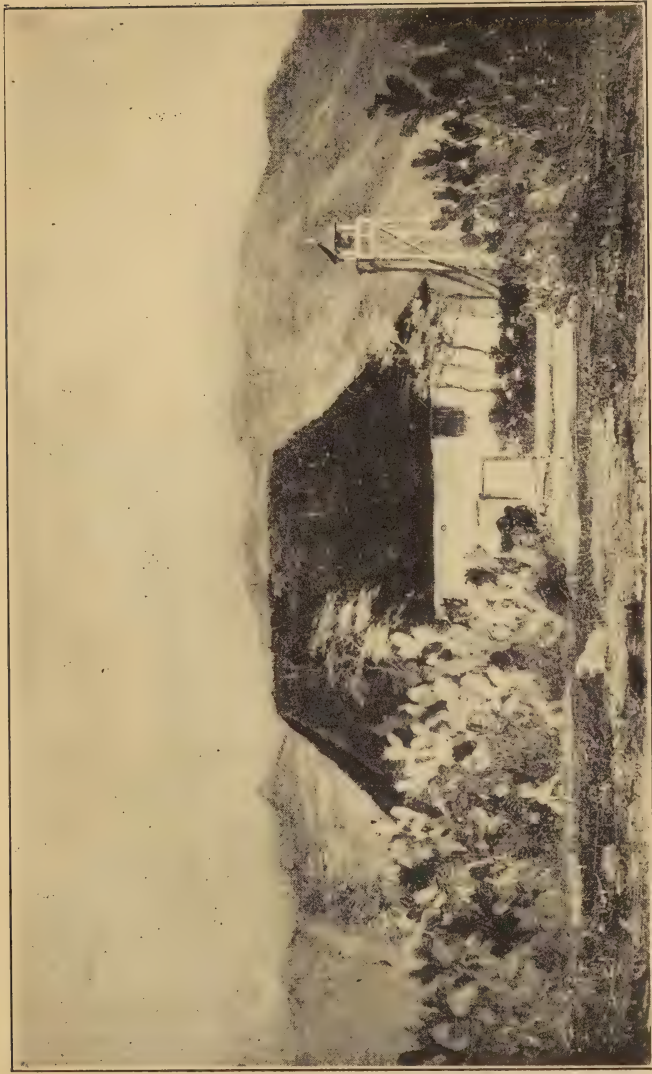
"Hoapili, the Governor of Maui, and Auhea, a woman of high rank from Honolulu, and their attendants, together with quite a number of church members, followed in the rear. They are excellent people and come with the intention of counteracting the evil that will result from mismanagement and misbehavior. They have taken lodgings on this side of the river near us and have called upon us today with much cordiality.

"September 16th. The King, Hoapili, Auhea, with her husband and two other chiefs, took supper with us last Saturday. We asked them all to come, hoping that this token of respect to his Majesty might act as a check upon him. He appeared well and seemed interested; after supper he sang several hymns with us and said he intended to come to church on Sunday, but he did not make his appearance.

"One man, who is a ring leader among his menials, is doing all he can to keep the King from good influences. His zeal in breaking all laws of God and man is worthy of a better cause. Since coming here he has sent out men to pillage food wherever they pleased, *taro*, potatoes, etc., although Laanui our chief, provides enough for their reasonable needs. No little devastation has been made in the district, yet the poor people cannot utter one word of complaint, for it was done by the King's men. The night before they left, some of them threatened to burn the new meeting-house and Kuo-

koa with a number of the teachers stayed in it all night to keep guard, but nothing was attempted."

Early in September the new thatched meeting-house was completed. It was large enough to hold two thousand people and stood near Laanui's house, about where Haleiwa Hotel now stands. My brother Joseph has the following story from my father of the first service held in it. The new house was opened for the first time for dedication and public worship on September 25th, 1833, and Dr. Judd, Mr. Bingham and Mr. Brinsmade, a merchant, came from Honolulu for the occasion. When they got to the meeting with my father, they found an immense crowd of natives filling every part of the house and others crowding around all the windows and doors, utterly unable to enter. "Truly the Spirit of God is here working on the hearts of this people, who are hungering for instruction," thought my father. Dr. Judd, who had been in the country four years longer than he, began to ask questions, and found that Laanui had issued positive commands that every one in the entire district of Waialua should attend this service under threat of severe penalty. One woman came nearly four miles from Waimea and returned, hopping all the way on one foot, as she had lost the other. When Laanui had filled the meeting-house with the crowd of people standing, he ordered them to sit down on the floor packed together as close as possible, but a great



WAIALUA CHURCH

From a painting by Furneaux of the church of stone and mortar, 99 feet long, which was built in 1841 and used till 1890

many were still compelled to stand outside. After the services were over, Dr. Judd and my father kindly explained to Laanui that he should not force his people to attend church in that way, whereupon the shrewd *konohiki*,¹⁶ Kuokoa, told them that as he had now proved that they could come he desired that they should continue to come, but would not punish them if they remained away.

On the 6th of October the church was organized with sixteen members and Kuokoa as deacon. Many more would have been glad to join, but it was thought best to proceed with caution.

I have in my possession a large conch shell fifteen inches long. Undoubtedly it is much more than a hundred years old, and was used in early times by some Hawaiian chief for calling his people to war. For more than a year after my father came to Waialua it was used for calling the people to church and to school and as a curfew at 9 p. m. But I find in my mother's journal of October 13th:

"Today we were called to worship by the 'church-going bell,' a sound never before heard in Waialua. Some of our principal men have long been trying to obtain a bell, but not till recently have they succeeded in making up the necessary sum of \$144. It weighs nearly four hundred pounds, was bought in Honolulu and brought to Waialua on the shoulders of natives. It is hung in a framework of wood, as

¹⁶ The *konohiki* was the chief's head man.

we have no belfry. Some of the church members subscribed \$3 and a large number gave \$2 apiece, though they had no money excepting as they begged it from rich friends or earned it by doing jobs in Honolulu, and Laanui's contribution was \$40. The bell is especially important as the people have no timepieces by which to know the hour, and since the church was dedicated and the bell hung, our meetings have been fuller and better attention has been given to the services.

"October 15th. The labors of another day are over and I will tell you how I have been occupied. After breakfast and prayers in native with the servants, the shell was sounded for the children's school. I have a native assistant so I am not so closely confined. This session closed at 10 a. m. and the conch was blown for the women's school, held till noon. Early in the afternoon I met my sewing-class which I have recently started, eighteen women who are making shirts for Mr. Brinsmade's store in Honolulu. For a long time I have been trying to think of some useful practical plan of this kind, and I was very glad when Mr. Brinsmade suggested this one. He provides the material, needles and thread, and has the shirts cut out, and I baste them and teach the women how to sew them. Our singing class followed just before sunset when we had supper, and then after getting my little son to sleep I spent an hour, as I usually do Monday and Tuesday evenings, teaching our domestics.

“You may wonder why we have so many servants and what we have for them to do. One man does the cooking, not only for us but for all, another man takes care of our cow, a much wilder creature than those in New England, milks her, keeps her and her calf fed with grass that must be brought from a distance, cuts wood and attends to other chores, and they both work in our potato and *taro* patches. As far as it is possible, I try to teach the women regular habits of industry to overcome their habits of idleness, but we cannot expect any one here to work more than one half of the usual time, and they have little idea of neatness and hardly know what we mean by housework. They do our washing in one of our fine springs near by and I am teaching them to iron. They help me care for little Samuel, and when I do not need their help I encourage them to braid mats and hats for their own use.”

My father and mother deeply regretted certain glowing exaggerated reports that had been published of the progress made by the Hawaiians, so unwarranted by their own experiences. My father writes to his brother:

“It is true we have much cause for thanksgiving that hundreds are improving under Christian influences, but when I think of you as reading in Stewart’s journal, ‘that this people from their facilities to procure subsistence and their great attention

to schools and instruction, are promising to become at no distant period one of the most enlightened and literary people on the globe,' I am indignant at a statement so far from the truth. We have found the common people entirely untrained, their habits and morals in many instances unspeakable, their interest in the schools and their attention to instruction just awakening, their easy way of living a drawback to their development. Since coming to these islands, I have felt a thousand times more grateful to God than ever before that our forefathers landed on the stern and rockbound coast of New England.

"We have often spoken in America of the simplicity of nature, of the importance of living simply, of letting our wants be as few as possible, and I still feel that the imaginary wants of many people in America are quite too numerous, but here the people live much too close to nature and too far from civilization and refinement."

CHAPTER IX

A MORE SECURE AND COMFORTABLE HOME

“*MARCH 13, 1834.* I am thinking of home more than usual this week as my husband is away on a tour. How are you, my dear, dear parents? Are you well and comfortable? The past winter has been a busy one for us, for we have been building our new house and it has made us much extra work. We have had to board four workmen most of the time, so my domestic cares have been much increased; my husband has had to superintend them as they are not very skillful, and one of them caused a great deal of trouble in our household.

“Our old house has been very uncomfortable, for the weather has been much colder and more rainy than last winter. The high winds and rain have filtered through its thatched sides and roof and I have hardly been able to keep anything dry. We have worn the woolen hose the Nelson ladies gave us many months and I have wished I had some for little Sam. As there are no windows in our middle room we must have the doors open for light, whatever is the weather. The little one has suffered most

as he is constantly creeping and running about over damp mats, yet we have kept well notwithstanding the exposure and discomfort, and hope that before long our new house will be finished.

"March 31st. Yesterday was communion Sunday, and five additional members were received into our little church. Four are promising men in middle life; one, a member of our family, shows that he is actuated by high motives and has endeared himself to us by his faithfulness, diligence and earnest desire to meet our wishes.

"We received during the past week some newspapers and *Missionary Herald*s dated as late as last November and have read them with much interest, but I looked in vain for any papers from New Hampshire; I could devour one from near home, 'The Keene Sentinel,' for instance, for it would give me news of places and persons I used to know. We confidently expected letters by the same ship, but were greatly disappointed—not one from either Nelson or Chester!

"April 7th. Dr. Judd has just been with us for five days, coming with Princess Nahienaena, the daughter of Kamehameha I, and sister of the present King. She lives at Lahaina on Maui, and in company with some of the chiefs and their attendants is making the tour of this island. It was thought that Dr. Judd's presence with her might be a helpful influence, but it is tiresome to go with such a crowd of people and await their slow movements.

I was very thankful that the King and his retinue were prevented from accompanying her, for this party has conducted itself very differently from the carousing crowd that came with him last year, and have made no noise or disturbance. The princess is tall, large and rather graceful, is about twenty years old and weighs perhaps one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds; she took supper with us twice during her stay.

"April 14th. I have just returned from a house near by where a man died. He was in the train of the princess, a stranger in this neighborhood, and was taken ill just before he got here, but still went on with the rest. He soon returned, however, as he grew much worse and this evening he died. The moment his spirit fled, his parents, who are ignorant people, set up such a piteous wailing that I heard it and went immediately to the house. When I entered they ceased their loud tones of grief and wept more silently. I tried to lead their thoughts to God and sat with them until Mr. Emerson called for me on his return from a meeting, when he too tried to comfort them and the many others present.

"Although the practice of wailing is done away with among the more enlightened, there are many who still continue it. Formerly when any one was dangerously ill, instead of doing all in their power for his relief, his friends would congregate in the house and wail with the utmost clamor, in this way often hurrying the poor soul out of the world. Ask

them why they wail, '*No ke aloha*' (for love), would be the reply.

"*April 21st.* I am writing this evening, dear father and mother, in the bedroom of our new house. The upper part is finished and we have moved in some of our things. Now if you could only come in with brother Pomeroy and his wife, sister Sophia and her husband and cousin Ann, how happy we should be!"

This was a one-story house with walls of stone and mortar, a cellar, four main rooms and an addition on one side for the kitchen. With its board floors, thick walls, well set doors and windows, it was a great improvement on the former dwelling. My father wished to build at this time a two-story house, but that was considered too expensive. In 1846, however, requiring more ample quarters to meet the needs of a growing family, the roof was raised to allow four upstairs rooms, the kitchen enlarged, with a pantry and pump room adjoining, a brick oven built, and an ell added in the rear. This house, with a cosy gambrel roof, front and side verandahs, was the happy home of my boyhood.

Never shall I forget it and its surroundings—the big *kukui*¹⁷ trees on the south, the *kou* tree near my

¹⁷ The word "kukui" means torch and is the Hawaiian name of the candlenut tree. The native torches were made by stringing the kernels of the nuts on ribs of cocoanut leaves, several of which were tied together. Later the name was given to oil lamps or any artificial light.



“WAIPUOLO”
Emerson Home, Waialua, Built in 1834

bedroom, where the little scarlet *i-iwi* birds came for honey in winter when driven from the upland forests by the cold rains. In the dim distance in the east stretched the Koolau mountains, while but a few rods away on the north flowed the Anahulu river quietly making its way between banks of tall rushes to the sea. On the west was the bay with its curving beach, the white breakers dashing over the reef beyond. Finest of all, blue and clear-cut against the southern sky, rose the Waianae range, Kaala, the highest summit of the island, standing boldly out, a mantle of verdure covering its sharp ridges and steep sides. "*Nani Kaala, kio wai na ke kehau,*" sang a native poet (Kaala, the beautiful, where dews and mists find rest).

Soon after the last workman had left and my father and mother had begun to feel settled in the new house, the time came for preparing for the General Meeting at Honolulu. In those early days this was the only trip away from home that my mother made during the year, and each journey brought its peculiar experiences. This one, which they began at sunrise, hoping to arrive at Honolulu at night, was adventurous, like the first, by both land and sea, for the streams in the gulches were much swollen and the tides were unfavorable.

As before, they rode across country to Ewa where they took a canoe, getting with difficulty within five miles of Honolulu by the inside passage. But alas! the tide was going out, the wind was against them,

the boat began to rub on the rocks and there was nothing for them to do but spend the night and till noon the next day in a native hut in the little village of Kumumau on the shore. Even the short passage from there to Honolulu was a perilous one, as the wind was strong and the waves high.

“Several times our little boat came near filling and we were drenched with sea water, but at last we got here, thankful for our safe arrival and exhilarated at seeing our friends, whom we found anxious at our not having arrived. Remember I have not seen a white woman since I parted with the sisters here a year ago.

“June 17th. Yesterday morning we were overjoyed by receiving letters from home, from father, sister Sophia and brother Pomeroy. The ship which brought them has been expected a long time, and after such a silence the letters were doubly cheering. The barrel you sent was also received; the smaller articles were perfectly dry; the apples kept well excepting a few which were nearest the cheese, and the cheeses are in good condition and have a fine relish. We wish to thank you many times for them. Even the sight of things from dear home and dear friends is refreshing. I read your letters over and over again with tears of joy and gratitude that you were yet alive and in health. Our best opportunity for sending letters to you will be by a ship which will sail direct in about two months.

"July 13th. This year's General Meeting has been a prolonged one, as a circular letter from the American Board necessitated an unusually long report, and as usual changes had to be made to meet the needs of the various stations. To our great joy Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Smith are to be stationed at Ewa, so we shall have white neighbors only eighteen miles away. The session has been saddened by the death on July 6th of our coworker, Mr. Shepard."

On the 16th of July the meeting adjourned, and on the morning of the 17th my father and mother started overland for home, spending a night at Ewa.

"Mr. Emerson came on horseback and I was brought in a chair swung upon poles and carried on the shoulders of four natives, with Samuel in my lap. The road between Honolulu and Ewa is so bad I should have found it very tiresome to ride a horse. I was carried over places where mother would have trembled for my safety, where a misstep of the carriers would have precipitated us many feet. The streams between Ewa and Waialua were all much swollen by a rain the previous night. The bottom of one was covered with slippery rocks, the water was very rapid and it took a line of eighteen men to get Sam and me across. I did not feel afraid, I was only very tired when I got home. You see, dear parents, it is a very different thing to travel here, where there are no roads, bridges or taverns to

accommodate one, from travelling in a civilized land.

“August 11th. You inquire, dear father, if grains could not be raised in these islands. Wheat has been cultivated, but even if the natives could be induced to raise it in any quantity, there are no mills to grind it into flour. Indian corn will grow almost anywhere, having, however, little of the sweetness and goodness of the corn I used to eat at home. As to vegetables and fruits—beans, squashes, cabbages, cucumbers and melons flourish and radishes grow to be very big and too strong to eat, while onions will not grow bigger than my thumb.

“Apples have never been cultivated, and I presume there are few places where they would grow. There is a native fruit called ‘*ohia*,’ which resembles an apple a little and is abundant at this season. It is dark red and quite juicy, but flat and tasteless compared with New England apples. We only eat them raw. We have bananas in great abundance and I often wish I could send a bunch to you or to some of my friends. I think father would like them. We think them very nice with milk or roasted. The guava is a fine fruit about the size of a pear and makes excellent sauce, but is not nearly as good raw, and oranges, lemons, limes and pineapples are brought us from the uplands. At Kaawaloa and Kailua, Hawaii, coffee has been easily cultivated, and grapes and figs are plentiful. We have planted

some fig trees and grapevines on our place and hope they will bear well.

"I have wished a hundred times during the past year that sister Betsey Emerson were here with us to assist us in the schools, etc., and now we have actually written begging her to come and to live in our family. She would be invaluable as a companion. I have said to husband we should want no associate were sister Betsey here. At the General Meeting this year it was decided that each family desiring it might have the privilege of sending for some woman acquaintance to come to live with them and assist them in their work. If sister Betsey cannot come we have asked her to suggest some acquaintance who would be judicious, discreet, apt to teach and devoted to doing good. Perhaps you might think of some suitable person. We have thought of cousin Ann Clark, but, dear mother, if she is with you and your dependence, I would not think of luring her away and in this way diminishing one particle of your comfort. No, I only wish, dear parents, I could do something to make your remaining days more comfortable, peaceful and happy.

"August 21st. We have an opportunity of sending to Honolulu tomorrow and as a vessel is to sail for America this month, I must close these few pages and send them on. It cheers my heart that you do not forget me. Pray that I may be humble and faithful in the dear Master's service. I think of you no less than when I first came to these islands,

and often wish that I could sit by you once more and thank you for all you have done for me. Samuel is fast asleep. He says some words and if you were here he would kiss you many times a day. Much love from us both to you all. Your affectionate daughter, Ursula."

CHAPTER X

THE WIDER PARISH

THE intimate relations which my father and mother held towards the natives of Waialua made it easy to win their confidence, but to do this in the outlying districts was more difficult and a following was more slowly won. To these remote places frequent visits had to be made, but when the kindly purpose of the missionary came to be known and understood, the people could not do too much to make him and his services welcome.

My father's charge included the district of Koolauloa (Long Koolau), the northern side of the island. Although this is only a strip of land from half a mile to a mile in width, running along the foot of the cliffs, or bold precipices which terminate many mountain spurs, the soil is good and well watered by small mountain streams and the valleys between the spurs are rich and productive. There were six settlements along the shore with a population of about 2,700, and sometimes my father would hold a meeting in each of them on a single Sunday, riding more than thirty miles.

In 1835 my father writes:

"I have just returned from a tour through Koolauloa where I preached to as many people as I could assemble in the different villages along the way. A few were ready to hear the word with gladness, but the majority of the people were indifferent, and the sight of me seemed to inspire either fear or contempt. Very few schools have been established. I gathered as many children as I could in each village where a teacher could be found, gave them books and encouraged them to attend school daily.

"Extending my tour I reached brother Parker's station at Kaneohe in Koolaupoko (Short Koolau). He has a rather pleasant place, although difficult of access except by water. There are a few hundred here who are interested in Christian truth. The meeting-house, built in native style, was dedicated while I was there, seven or eight hundred people being present. On returning home I found that our little son Samuel had been sick with a fever during my absence, and Ursula was quite worn out with caring for him and for baby William, who is a few months old."

South of Waialua is the district of Waianae which includes the southern slope of the Waianae mountains. Bare mountain spurs run down close to the shore, where the climate is hot and quite destitute of water and the poor ignorant natives of those days lived mostly by fishing.

"January 10, 1835. Have just returned from a tour of Waianae, where by arrangement I met brother Lowell Smith. We spent two nights in the district and attempted seven or eight times to gather the people for instruction, but could not get more than seventy or eighty together in any one place. Although we offered them books gratuitously they refused to take any and appeared ashamed to acknowledge that they knew how to read. Such is the influence of their chief that light is put for darkness and darkness for light, evil for good and good for evil."

Several years later Mr. Smith left the districts of Waianae and Ewa to take up work in Honolulu, and Waianae came entirely under my father's care, so that his entire parish, Waialua in the centre, Koolau on the north, and Waianae in the south, had a coast line of over sixty miles.

"May 17th. Just three years have passed since we landed on these islands. God has kindly kept us during this time. He has given us some evidence that our labors have not been in vain, and the happiness of having two children committed to our care. Since we have been here there are those who have much improved in conduct, in their studies, in their ways of living, and in the neatness of their homes and dress, and there seems to be a growing desire to know the truth. More children are attending school,

and on Sundays the congregations are larger, more attentive and orderly."

I will now turn to my mother's journal of the same year. She begins it at Waialua, on May 21, 1835.

"Dear parents: Not a day passes without my often thinking of the dear ones I have left behind. Next week we are going to Honolulu with our two little ones to attend the General Meeting, and of course we are very busy getting ready for our absence of several weeks. How I should like a little of cousin Ann's good help in the mantua-making line! Where is the dear girl?

"Evening. The mail has just come in from Honolulu and Ewa, bringing several notes and a little bowl of butter from sister Smith, which is very acceptable; our cow being dry we only get a little goat's milk daily. We send a man to Honolulu once in two weeks now to carry and bring back letters and packages and the '*Kumu Hawaii*' (Hawaiian Teacher) which is published semi-monthly by the mission. He stops at Ewa so that we write and hear from the Smiths by each mail, and hear not infrequently from our friends in Honolulu and the other islands. So you see we are not entirely destitute of social life though we seldom meet our friends face to face. This evening we hear that Mrs. Brinsmade of Honolulu and a Mr. Stevens from

Boston are spending tonight at Ewa, and will be here tomorrow to visit us. So away with sewing, etc., and prepare for company. Well, I must have some bread, so I will leave my writing and see that the yeast is ready to make it in the morning."

The guests arrived as expected and my mother writes of a pleasant visit from them.

"May 28th. At brother Smith's, Ewa. We arrived here about 2 p. m. Mr. Emerson and I rode horseback, Samuel on a pillow in front of his father. Baby William was carried in the arms of one of our native men, the woman who usually attends him walking by his side, and Kuokoa accompanied us. On our way here, as we were coming up the steep side of a valley, the principal girth of my saddle broke, the saddle turned and I came to the ground, without suffering injury, however, as I landed on soft earth. Thereafter, in ascending a steep place I took the precaution, when not dismounting, to hold on to the mane of my horse and not to the horn of the saddle.

"Honolulu, May 29th. We left Ewa a little after noon in company with the Smiths in two single canoes, and arrived here just at sunset after a short and pleasant passage. We are staying with the Tinkers in a neat little adobe house near the one in which they live.

"June 3d. The families from Maui and Hawaii

have arrived and all are now here, ready to begin the business of the meeting.

"June 6th. The long-looked-for ship *Hellespont* with the reinforcement of missionaries hove in sight this morning. A thrill of joy came into our hearts when it was at length ascertained that it was the very ship; we hardly knew how to wait for the tidings they brought from our dear ones at home. The new missionaries, eight in number, came on shore a little after noon and were given a hearty welcome. Then the precious letters came—how they cheered our hearts and quickened our lagging footsteps!—and afterwards the packages and the boxes, one from Nelson, in which we found nothing injured.

"June 17th. This afternoon I attended the Maternal Association which meets every Wednesday. We feel deeply for our children, born as they are in this land of strangers, far from the greater advantages of our beloved native land."

As a schooner was to sail for Waialua on June 30th, although it entailed an uncomfortable night at sea, my father and mother took advantage of this opportunity to return home, and again took up their customary life and labors.

On the 30th of July my father made a tour through Koolau, finding the people much more friendly and attentive than in December. On July 31st my mother writes:



Evening, Outside Honolulu Harbor

"I had my second meeting with the mothers this afternoon and a good number attended. I propose to meet them every two weeks to instruct them in their duties and obligations as parents. Afterwards I made several calls on families in the neighborhood who neither send their children to school nor go to church, but live in stupidity and heathenism. I went into one little house where two women were sitting on the ground pounding out the bark of the shrub which makes *tapa*, and they laid down their mallets and gave me a very cheerful *aloha*. An old man lying near them was asleep on a bit of old mat; in one corner lay a girl of fifteen with no clothing on but a piece of dirty *tapa*, with four or five dirty dogs sharing her mat, but she appeared as loving and happy with them as if they had been her children. I tried to shame her a little, and I think if she had known I was coming, I should have found her in a different condition.

"In another house I found several families huddled together, and the dust and litter was sickening. In the middle of the room sat two men with their calabashes and *poi* board, pounding *taro* into *poi*. When I inquired of a young woman who sat by with a baby in her arms where her husband was, she replied, 'He is asleep,' and roused by her voice he showed his head between a few old mats that were put up as a kind of partition for a sleeping place in one corner, and said, '*Aloha*,' not at all disconcerted at being found asleep at that time of day.

I tried with prudence to make them realize that they should live more decently.

“Just before sunset I called on another family, all of whom belong to our schools. The husband is a teacher and attends Mr. Emerson’s school, and his wife attended my school until recently, when she has been prevented by the illness of their little daughter, one of my Sunday-school children. Here I found quite a contrast; the house was small but neatly spread with clean mats and free from litter, but the little girl, not more than four or five years old, is apparently wasting away with consumption. They all appeared grateful for my visit and I came home regretting that I had not more time for going around among the people.

“*August 13th.* I am now helping my husband prepare for the press the *Ai-o-ka-La* (Daily Food), a small serial published weekly for the Hawaiians, which gives a verse of Scripture with brief notes for each day.

“*September 5th.* I have recently heard of the illness of Mrs. Whitney in Kauai. They sadly need a physician there. Dr. Thomas must go from Honolulu to attend her. I do hope that earnest young doctors in America will seriously consider serving in heathen lands, for they are needed no less than ministers.

“*September 10th.* My father’s birthday—does he yet live? If so, he is seventy-two years old today. I should love to sit by you, dear father, and talk

over things past, and listen to your kind advice and all you could tell me of yourself.

"October 8th. I am alone, as my dear husband left last Monday, accompanied by the chief and some of the church people, for a two weeks' tour in Koolau. The laboring part of the population have gone with the company ordered by the chief to dig salt in the salt lake not far from Honolulu, so our schools have a small attendance and the whole place is lonely. My precious babes are asleep, the noisy natives are quiet and I have nothing to interrupt my writing except the officious mosquitoes. We have now had them for more than a year and when there is but little wind they are intolerable; we could not sleep with any comfort without our mosquito nets. A year ago we had no nets and suffered extremely. The poor babies came near being eaten up by them, and at the time William was born I could hardly get an hour's quiet sleep for many nights. You never knew anything like them in Nelson. At that time nothing suitable for a mosquito net could be found at Honolulu, but now with some thin grass cloth from Canton we are protected and can sleep secure from their stings and yet have free circulation of air. If ever I was thankful for any comfort I am for this.¹⁸

¹⁸ The Hawaiian Islands, often called "The Paradise of the Pacific," had no venomous pests that were native and no words in the language to express them. Even now we can camp in the deep woods without fear. I have heard it said that the larvae of

"October 8th. I finished yesterday a map of Oahu I have been drawing for you, and this evening, after the little ones were asleep, I read over again your last letters, received in June. I could not keep back the tears, but do not think I am unhappy and wish to be anywhere else—far from it."

From my father's journal:

"October 19th. Ursula has left a space here for a description of this salt lake. It is three quarters of a mile from the sea and is obviously the crater of an old volcano, perhaps two miles in circumference. It has a miry bottom and a bold shore. In one place they say a line has been let down sixty fathoms and no bottom found. There is probably a subterranean connection at the bottom of the lake with the ocean. I approached from the northwest side and came upon it all at once. Sitting on my horse on a bank one hundred feet or more above it, the entire surface appeared like a New England pond in April, when the ice is cracked and melting but not yet gone. The salt lay about a foot under the water or brine, and was a solid mass a foot or more thick. Not less than one or two thousand men were digging it, carrying it to the shore and loading it on small vessels

mosquitoes were first brought to Hawaii in the water tanks of whale-ships about the year 1828, and soon penetrated everywhere. Now, however, as in other civilized lands in the tropics, modern means are employed to exterminate them.

that lay in a little bay about a mile distant. It is sold at a dollar a barrel and is the property of the chiefs; the people are called upon to do the work without compensation, without food and to keep at it for a month or more. The salt is said to form as fast as it is carried off. I have heard that the people pray for rain to end salt digging, for it is a grievous tax on their patience, time and strength."

From my mother's journal:

"November 3d. Sam has just returned from a long ride with his father toward Waimea and has much to tell me about the flocks of goats and kids which he saw. The fields are now clothed with verdure and look beautiful after the late rain. The *taro* patches are always green, as they are kept under water.

"November 5th. Letters came from Honolulu this evening, ships are coming into port daily, they say. There will probably be an opportunity to send letters to the United States soon, so I must bring my journal to a close and pack our box, which we shall send to Honolulu to await the first chance to be sent to you. Four years have passed since I bade you goodby, and as I review our experiences they seem like a dream. But I must close with love, love to all. Your affectionate daughter, Ursula Sophia Emerson."

In closing this journal of their experiences of 1835 I want to give a picture which I find in a letter from my father to my Grandmother Newell dated July 25th.

"The conch shell is just sounding to tell the people that it is time for them to retire. Our two little boys are sleeping sweetly in bed and Ursula is adjusting things for the night.

"*Tuesday noon.* I am waiting a few moments for dinner, the beans, bread, potatoes and bananas are in the oven. One native is washing the buttery, one the cupboard, and one is sitting on the floor near me watching little William, who is creeping toward me with great earnestness. Now Samuel comes running in and says, 'Father, father, Lilia is coming.' She is the little daughter of the chief, and now he has seated himself by her side in the doorway. He talks to her in English and she says nothing, but still they understand each other quite as well as is desirable.

"*Evening.* You ask me, dear mother, how Ursula looks. Her modest blue eyes are as full of vivacity now as I ever knew them to be in America, and are covered by the same long beautiful eye-lashes, to me no slight adornment. Her hair is considerably thicker than when we left, her forehead has now the beginning of one or two wrinkles which have not become seated, though if they had they would not offend my eye, as she would only more

resemble her mother. Her cheeks are not quite so full; anxiety, labor and sickness have had their effect, though less perhaps than with most of the ladies who came with us in the *Averick*. Her hand is less hardened by housework, as her work now consists mostly in directing the efforts of others, yet I suppose there are few women in America whose hands are more diligent, and few have such a variety of perplexing occupations. She has not as much time for reading as I would like, but her intellect is not neglected, she gets training in other ways with plenty of human nature to read."

CHAPTER XI

HOW TO DO IT

THE adventure of going on a mission had become a very real experience, and was met by resourceful, sturdy New England character. Every kind of knowledge gained in the homeland came into use among a people who as yet had few, if any, standards of right living.

Getting ready for a life work among these strangers involved mastering their language, which not only had to be learned but to be written out, studying their beliefs, traditions, habits of thought and the best ways of approaching their untutored minds. Everywhere something new was discovered, daily some fresh glimpse into untrained life was gained at the church meetings, in the schools, among the sick and troubled, from visitors, from anxious or curious inquirers, among domestics and workmen; and the missionary home became a social settlement, where right living had to be practised and shown in ways that would commend it to a primitive people.

To every one in any sphere of life who seriously faces the problem of how to help those who are in need of help, the question will arise, How can it best

be done? How can I fulfill this obligation? Edward Everett Hale, in his little book, "How to Do It," says that in our practice we must follow our ideals. But great men have failed from lack of attention to the way of expressing and carrying out these ideals.

The Rev. Dan Crawford, author of that stirring book, "Thinking Black," tells a story of the years he had to study, work and suffer to win the heart of a ruthless African chief and the confidence of his people. Their favor was sought in almost impossible ways. Mr. Crawford became their servant and made himself indispensable to their comfort, avoided rousing opposition by heeding their trifling social observances which were to him of indifferent concern, and finally won their loyal regard and confidence in his leadership.

The Rev. Hiram Bingham, who did such fine work for the Gilbert Islanders, told me of a fierce chief, who showed him a coat of mail made of coconut fibre, in which was a hole caused by a spear-thrust. "This spear-hole," said the exultant chief, "was made by my spear when I killed my enemy in battle." Instead of chiding him and making him angry, Mr. Bingham talked kindly with him. He said: "This enemy of yours loved life just as you do, and might have enjoyed it many more years; he had friends who were dear to him and to whom he was dear, and might have become your friend—but you killed him." The chief saw his mistake, felt the cruelty of his act and repented it.

Our missionaries to the Hawaiians were wise in the way they won the confidence of haughty chiefs and cringing subjects. They lived out their ideals with patience, gentleness and simplicity, avoiding haste and arrogant assertion, and when, by their tactful handling of autocratic rulers, they gained from them trustful recognition, the common people were also won and became willing followers.

They had the good sense not to offend by brusqueness or by carelessness of speech. It is a mistake to suppose that those who belong to undeveloped races have no sense of propriety, or of what is really fine in thought, feeling or conduct. The Hawaiian language abounds in terms which show a discrimination between right and wrong, between good and evil, and has expressions indicative of a sensitiveness to manner and personal bearing. When pleased by some gracious act or fine sentiment, they will say, "*Kohu kela*" (That is impressive), or when displeased they say, "*Kohu ole kela*" (That is without significance).

In one of his early letters my father refers to the care he and my mother took in their dress.

"Though we live for the most part among half-naked natives, we must regard our dress. If I should go to meeting with an old straw hat, or Ursula wearing an old silk calash which she has used for three years or more, it would be noticed here

almost as soon as in America. We must wear clothes which do not excite special notice."

It is an amusing fact that the naked dwellers on the atolls of the Central Pacific, a people who wore only leaf fringes around their waists and who were otherwise scant in their possessions, were punctilious in observing their social usages. A friend told me that at first they looked upon those who came to their shores as in search of social status. Robert Louis Stevenson, when meeting the chiefs of the Gilbert and Samoan groups, realized the value of courteous bearing.

The keen appreciation Hawaiians have of the idiomatic, correct use of their language is very noticeable. In olden days, before an English mongrel came to be used, even children spoke the language with pureness and were charmed by its fluent and proper use. Like the Greeks the Hawaiians feel the force of "winged words." The missionaries gained a fine control of the early Hawaiian vernacular, and my father's predecessors, Thurston and Bingham, Richards and Andrews, Bishop and Clark, made a translation of the Bible which is a classic for the preservation of the language, while Lorenzo Lyons, the poet of Hawaiian hymnology, has preserved it in many beautiful hymns, which are sung throughout the group.

The Hawaiian race as a rule is gracious and responsive, but there was a sharp line between the

common people and the autocratic chiefs, who were often regardless of the well-being, the possessions and even the lives of their subjects. In dealing with them the missionaries did not follow sharp, summary ways, or push for sudden changes. They aimed to enlighten the minds, arouse the consciences and touch the moral natures of all, and in time rulers were prepared to grant, and the common people to enjoy, larger liberties, and a great and permanent change was brought about.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT AWAKENING

THE work of the Hawaiian mission went on with increasing interest, until during the years 1836–1837 there came a great spiritual awakening, with a power that seemed almost irresistible and took hold of the natives of the entire group. The churches and the homes of the missionaries became thronged with earnest inquirers for the way of life. On Sundays they flocked to the places of worship, coming sometimes long distances and in great companies, and remaining through the day and often into the night. Churches were opened for special weekday meetings which were continued for several days, and the missionaries came to each other's help, and preached with new power.

This awakening of the people did not quickly subside, its effect lasted for years and touched young and old, strongly influencing a new generation. Between the years 1837 and 1842 more than twenty thousand were received into the membership of the churches of the group. The missionaries were constantly occupied meeting these opportunities, active to the limit of their strength. It was fortunate that

this great awakening came when these men and women were in their full vigor and could realize the results of their years of sympathetic effort and study of native life.

Following the special meetings came the care of the candidates for church membership, who were carefully examined and specially instructed. It was my father's custom in preparing for the communion service, which was held four times a year, to try to help each member by meeting and talking personally with him or her beforehand. This was no slight task in a church of several hundred members, and when it soon involved the care of ministering to the membership of three or four separate churches, it was a great strain.

I find the following entry in my father's journal:

"Sunday, May 1, 1836. This has been our communion Sabbath, the church has been filled five times and each time I have conducted a service.

"March 16, 1837. We have just closed a special meeting at Waialua, the third held on this island since the first of February. The meeting lasted six days, and on each day the meeting-house was full and the power of the Spirit was apparent. One meeting each day was for the children and about three hundred attended the entire time, many receiving an influence which we trust will be lasting. Quite a number of adults date their first serious impressions from these meetings."

The people of Waialua continued to be interested in this movement, and on March 24, 1838, my father writes:

"There are about a hundred candidates for admission to the church and this is less than one half of those whom I hope will become faithful members before long."

About a month previous to this date, February 17, 1838, I find:

"Yesterday after conducting the regular Sunday morning service at Waialua, I rode twenty-five miles, holding five services in the afternoon in the different villages in Koolau and one in the evening, and on the way home today I have preached again five times. Many ears are open to hear and many minds appear to be much impressed with divine truth. *March 24th.* Have just returned again from Koolau where I talked with one hundred and sixty or more persons, most of whom give some evidence of serious purpose. One or two hundred others wished to talk with me, but the church members felt that their sincerity was rather doubtful."

During this period, when my father, with his nearest neighbors, Mr. Smith at Ewa and Mr. Parker at Kaneohe, were so active, their wives were doing their part. Many came to my mother, morn-

ing, noon and night, for spiritual guidance and comfort. In August, 1837, she wrote to her father:

“My little boys, Sam, William and John, are asleep, and I sit for a moment to talk with you. Four natives are sitting by me asking questions, wishing to know what different verses of Scripture mean. One man asks the meaning of the word covenant, another has put some question of duty, and another wishes to see Mr. Emerson, but I tell him that Mr. Emerson is very busy and cannot see company this evening and he tells me his thought. Thus the days go on crowded with work even into the night, great congregations gathering to listen to the truth.”

It is doubtless true that during earlier years many people came to church out of curiosity to see what was going on, or under the compulsion of those chiefs who favored the missionaries. But now it was evident that they came because their spiritual natures were stirred and they longed for light to guide them, for this experience had a powerful effect on many Hawaiians who never forgot it. Listening to stories they told me fifty years later, I have understood better what caused so many to become sturdy, exemplary, God-fearing men and women.

I have a vivid remembrance of an account given me by a gracious, white-haired native woman to whom Rev. James Kauhane introduced me while I



An Hawaiian Woman of Earlier Days

was being entertained in his hospitable home at Waiohinu, Kau, Hawaii. As the family was sitting together after supper and evening prayer, I noticed that this aged woman quoted Scripture with remarkable fluency, and I asked her when her interest in religion began. She replied, "I was a wayward girl knowing nothing of God, and bent only on pleasure, when there came accounts of a great awakening in the Kona district where the *makuas* (fathers) Thurston and Forbes were stationed. My friends and neighbors were anxious to have me go with them to see and hear what was happening, but I refused at first to take the trouble of going thirty miles over a rough volcanic trail just to hear preaching concerning the welfare of my soul, and I stayed away. Reports of the startling interest which had taken hold of the people continued to come, till every one in the neighborhood went. I was left alone, and those who came back told of the wonderful things they had heard and felt. So at last I made up my mind that I too would go, and I came under an influence which changed my life. I now love the Word of God and try to follow the leadership of Jesus." She was but one of many fine native women whom I have met and learned to respect and honor, whose feet were turned from lawless paths to those of pleasantness and peace. I could count a score of them who were friends and supporters of the work of my father and mother in the Waialua parish.

While I was Secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, there was published in *The Friend* of December, 1902, a summary I made from carefully kept statistics, which showed the growth of religious interest among the Hawaiian people of those early days. "After ten years of work among the Hawaiians, in 1832, there were 577 names on the church rolls; after twenty years, in 1842, there were more than 25,000, over 19 per cent of the population, and by the end of the next decade, in 1852, 40,000 names were enrolled on the church records, comprising 30 per cent of the population. Ten years later, in 1862, the aggregate was 53,000, 33 per cent, or one-third of the entire native population."

This was the culmination of the work of the missionary fathers, most of whom had become feeble and less active, or had gone to their rest. The American Board sent its last regular reinforcement in 1847, the twelfth company of missionaries to reach Hawaii. Thereafter only special men were sent to fill special offices, and in 1863 the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, with its Executive Board, was formed, including in its body native pastors and delegates, with the Hawaiian Board as its Executive Council. These organizations took the place of the old General Meeting and Missionary Society, and the twenty great parishes, which had been formed and ministered to by the early missionaries, were divided into sixty parishes under the charge of native pastors, with the guidance and support of the Hawaiian Board and its Secretary.

CHAPTER XIII

STIMULATING INDUSTRY

MY father's work of reform necessarily included an attempt to stir the natives to industry—to help them to become good householders. "I cannot go on preaching to a lot of people without ambition, sitting on their haunches with no purpose in life," he wrote to his brother. He had brought with him from his New Hampshire home ideas and methods of the New England farmer which proved of great value to the natives.

Stone walls had to be laid to keep out roaming cattle, horses and pigs from cultivated lots, and the native laborers whom he employed, learned from him the right way of handling the crowbar and sledge hammer, how to yoke oxen and the use of the drag. After some choice piece of land had been properly enclosed, he taught them how to break up the soil with the plough and harrow and to plant and cultivate in such a way as to produce a rich crop.

If the chief happened to come by when such work was being done he would remark:

"Well, this is fine, but what is the wall for, to get the stones out of the way?"

"Yes, and to keep out rooting pigs and predatory horses and cattle."

"That yoke of oxen with a plough can turn up more soil than twenty men with *o-os*¹⁹ and do it in half the time. Where can I get a plough?"

The laying of a stone wall was an object lesson closely watched. I have seen great husky men straining and tugging with crowbars, vainly trying to lift some big rock out of its bed and get it into its place in a wall; when taught the method of leverage the task became easy. I have seen them with sledge hammers striking heavy blows on some unwieldy stone they could not fit into its place. My father would come along, examine the stone as to its natural cleavage, and with a stroke or two of the hammer split off a piece with greatest ease, and so make it fit as it should. "His blows are mighty," they would say, whereas the simple fact was they were wisely given.

My father also encouraged fertilizing. This was understood in cultivating *taro* which grows under water, surface weeds which had been pulled up being buried in the mud and left to turn to loam, but other cultivating was not as intelligently done, and here they needed instruction. Thus industry was encouraged and the people taught to work to advantage.

During the year 1837 my mother's duties increased. My brother John was born on January

¹⁹ An *o-o* is a very narrow spade.

4th, and a few months later Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Locke of New Hampshire, of the eighth company of American Board missionaries, were appointed associate workers at Waialua. On August 25th she wrote to her father:

"It is a long time since I have written anything in my journal, not that I have had nothing to write, but because every moment has been filled with other duties. Mr. and Mrs. Locke, who spent a night with you before sailing for these islands, have become our fellow-laborers and are making their home with us. We are pleased with them and hope they will become acquainted with the language and give us efficient aid. They were made the happy parents of a little son on August 5th, and Dr. and Mrs. Judd and five children spent nearly seven weeks with us before and after this event. So we have had no opportunity to be lonely, as our household has numbered fourteen.

"September 10th. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and two children arrived yesterday from Honolulu to spend several weeks on account of Mrs. Bingham's health. On Sunday Mr. Bingham preached to nearly one thousand people."

My mother's generous hospitality was well known. Many travellers going around the island stopped for a night's rest at our home, but more especially it was a beneficial retreat for tired mem-

bers of the mission, whose companionship she much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Locke started an industrial school for boys on the opposite side of the Anahulu, meeting with much success. The death of Mrs. Locke at Waialua in 1842 and of her husband in Honolulu in 1843 was a great loss to the Hawaiians, as well as to their three children.

At the General Meeting of 1842 my father was appointed to succeed Mr. Clark at the school for Hawaiian young men at Lahainaluna, Island of Maui, which had been founded about ten years previous and successfully carried on by Rev. Lorrin Andrews, with the co-operation of other men of ability and experience. My father's work at Waialua was to be left in charge of Mr. A. B. Smith, and in the autumn, with my mother and their five boys, for Nathaniel and Justin were born in 1839 and 1841, he moved to Lahainaluna and undertook his new task.

Lahaina is about seventy-five miles by sea from Honolulu, and the school grounds comprise a thousand acres on the plateau above the town and ten acres in the ravine for the cultivation of *taro*, bananas, etc. With instruction, the schoolboys did all the work—farming, carpentering, printing, cooking and housework. At the same time the academic work fitted them to be teachers, preachers or government clerks. David Malo, the able chronicler of Hawaiian traditions, Kamakau, the versatile writer,

Kekela, a Waialua boy whose noble conduct as a missionary in the Marquesas Islands won recognition from Abraham Lincoln, and many other influential Hawaiians of that generation, owed much to the training they received at Lahainaluna.

In addition to the labors which this position entailed, my father compiled an English-Hawaiian Dictionary during the years he was there and took charge of the neighboring church at Kaanapali. One of the projects which he planned and brought to successful completion was the Lahainaluna irrigation ditch.

At the head of the ravine is a noted gorge called *Kawaula* (Red Gorge), through which there rushes at times from the wooded peaks above a strong wind, *Makani o Kawaula*. David Malo has thus eulogized his Alma Mater, "*O keia kekukui pio ole i ka Makani o Kawaula*" (This is the torch that the winds of Kawaula cannot extinguish). Those gusts of wind caught up the dust from the barren plateau, showered it upon the school buildings, and blanketed everything with red earth, which sometimes had to be shoveled off the verandahs.

There is a mountain stream in the bed of the gorge and my father determined to use its water for irrigating the plateau, though he was told it could not be done. He went far up into the canyon and with the aid of the schoolboys dug and blasted a channel, through which waters of the stream were diverted to run upon the plateau. Before long

Lahainaluna became a green spot on the hillside back of the town and has remained so to this day.

In 1846 Mr. A. B. Smith returned to the United States and my father left Lahainaluna in other hands and went back to Waialua, making the trip this time with seven boys instead of five, as Joseph and Oliver had followed their brothers into the world. The natives gave them a warm welcome. One woman said to my mother, "I have been praying for your return ever since you went away, and now my prayer is answered."

Some of the more serious and intelligent of the Lahainaluna students gave promise of becoming useful assistants in the work of the mission, and not long after my father's return he placed James Kekela, a graduate, in charge of the church at Kahuku. In a letter to her father in 1848 my mother wrote:

"Both Kekela and his wife Naomi, who was trained at the Wailuku Female Seminary, are natives of this district and were sent by Mr. Emerson to the advanced schools years ago. They are a fine couple and meet our expectations in every way."

No Hawaiians ever showed more character than Kekela and Naomi. After four years of efficient service at Kahuhu, the Hawaiian Missionary Society sent them and two other Hawaiian missionaries and their wives, who were also superior natives, to the

Marquesas Islands, two thousand miles southeast of Hawaii, to establish the long-proposed mission there. Mr. James Bicknell of Honolulu, a man of fine character trained as a mechanic, went with them as an independent missionary. They all did noble work, meeting many hardships and dangers among that barbaric, wild people, and helping those with whom they came in contact away from their superstitions toward better ways of living.

One episode of Kekela's influence with the Marquesans is well known. They were sometimes cannibals in their treatment of captives, and on one occasion a fierce chief seized an officer and a sailor of an American ship, who had come ashore for fresh water and provisions. He and his followers lashed them to a tree preparatory to serving them up at a big feast. While preparations for it were being made, Kekela heard of the impending tragedy and hastened to the rescue, pleading in vain for the lives of the captives, till at last he offered his one and only whale-boat as a ransom. This was accepted and the men were given over to him in exchange, and rejoined their ship. The news of this humane deed reached the ears of President Lincoln, who sent to the man who had been so brave and generous, \$500 and a gold watch as a token of regard.

At about the time Kekela went to the Marquesas, Moses Kuaea, another Hawaiian of unusual ability, educated as a minister, was associated with my father in the care of the church at Hauula, Koolau,

and Waimalu of the church in Waianae, and thus the strain of ministering unaided to four widely separated parishes was somewhat relieved.

On his return to Waialua, my father found much to do for his people, who looked to him for help in many ways. Kahuku, the northwestern part of Koolauloa, was once a populous district green with forests of *lauhala* trees, nestled among which the homes of the natives were sheltered from the strong trade winds. They used the choice *lauhala* leaves for lining their grass huts and for skilfully braided mats for their gravel floors, while the fruit also had its uses.

But Kahuku had passed from the control of its chief to that of an Englishman. The pastures of his big ranch extended along the shore for twelve miles, reaching inland to the mountain chain, and he was so autocratic that the natives could not own a dog, or pasture a cow or horse, without his consent. The depredations of his herds and flocks on their small homesteads became unbearable, but they appealed in vain for the protection of their beloved *hala* trees and patches of vegetables. I have a letter written by one of them to my father, a pitiful statement of their condition. There was no redress, however, and with the fading of the forests the people also disappeared and the once populous district of Kahuku became a lonely sheep and cattle ranch.

The Waialua uplands had also been controlled

for years by foreign ranchmen, and the incursions of their cattle and horses, that in the summer time came down from the dry pastures to feed on the fresh green fodder found in the corn and potato fields, in the melon and *taro* patches and hillocks of sugar cane, which were cultivated about the native homes, were a great menace. Sometimes they would eat the very thatch off the sides of the native huts. It was impossible to restrain them except by constant watchfulness, and if a man caught or penned an animal, legal steps might be taken against him. They could be confined only in government pounds, and there was no such thing in Waialua. So a disagreeable fight had to be made in the interest of the native homesteader and farmer against the cupidity of the men who so thoughtlessly permitted their cattle to roam at will, unrestrained by paddocks or fences.

I have a letter bearing on the matter from Dr. Judd, who was then Premier, dated October 22, 1846. He writes: "A short answer is all I can give to yours. Cry out about the cattle, it is too bad."

I have also the following:

Department of Public Instruction,
November 13th, 1846.

Dear Brother Emerson:

Dr. Judd, being particularly busy, has handed me your two letters of October 31st and 4th inst. to answer. Before the legislature adjourned they settled by resolutions several very important measures regarding the subjects of your

letters, and I enclose a copy of one. There are several others in relation to rights of *konohikis*, government leasing, selling, etc.

There is also a law passed on the subject of trespass, by which the owners of cattle and horses are made liable to the payment of five dollars for every trespass committed on cultivated ground.

These resolutions will be published next week. If after seeing them you think it necessary that pounds be constructed, please write again.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM RICHARDS.

These laws were not effective enough and my father appealed again to the government to establish a pound with a keeper in Waialua, out of which no animal could be taken without payment of a fine.²⁰ He thus incurred the wrath of the ranchmen for the time being, but the native homes were protected.

²⁰ On a late visit to Chester, New Hampshire, I passed the old abandoned town pound which my father had probably seen used in his boyhood.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PASSING OF PEONAGE AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

WHILE the industry of a people is regarded as the possession of some feudal lord or chief—their time, scanty stock of food and household goods only to be enjoyed at the will of another—it is hardly possible to make them ambitious or thrifty. The missionaries found the common people of Hawaii, the *maka-ai-nana* (those who eat under the eye of another) simply peons, dominated by the will of an autocratic and sometimes capricious chief or chief's head man (*knonohiki*). They had no incentive to improve their condition while a greedy master stood in the way, and there were no laws to protect property and safeguard private ownership. A common man had to work for his chief whenever called upon; if he refused, he could be turned out of his home and whatever he had could be confiscated, his only recourse being to take French leave and put himself under the rule of another chief.

At the visit of royalty, the chief would order the people to prepare for the feasting of a large retinue of indolent court followers—to *hookupu*. *Taro*,

potatoes, pigs, chickens and fish would be taken from their scanty supplies, without pay, to provide for the kingly train. The more forehanded the man, the more he would have to give; the fatter the pig, the more sure it was to attract the eye of the *konohiki*.

There were chiefs with thoughtful, kindly dispositions who cared for their people and afforded them a measure of protection. It is said that Kamehameha I, after becoming king of all the Islands in 1794, proclaimed laws for the safeguarding of the common people against robbery and murder, his proclamation of *mamalahoe* making it possible for the aged and infirm to camp without fear while going from place to place. This was a great gain in those lawless times.

Among other hardships the *konohikis* made exorbitant charges for fishing rights along the shore; certain fish were tabu and half the catch of other fish had to be shared with the chief. In my father's journal of May 3, 1836, I find:

"Six weeks ago the king published a law that the sea should be open for all to fish in, and the people were of course overjoyed. But now one of his dependents has published another law forbidding anybody to fish, on penalty of the loss of his fish. So the people know not what to depend on, one day a favor is granted and the next day it is taken away, and there is no security. My heart is deeply pained

in view of the oppression, falsehood and duplicity, that are daily being practised by some of the rulers upon the people. Lying appears to be a very small sin with some of them, and last evening I preached again on the subject."

In the pulpit and out of it my father pleaded for the common rights of men.

Sometimes, however, the strategy which the chiefs and *konohikis* employed in enforcing their demands, was amusing. A certain chief became the possessor of two fine horses and as they were being tried on the beach at Kahana Bay in Koolau, those who were putting them to their speed had the misfortune to run them head on against each other. In the collision both riders escaped, but the two horses were killed; whereupon the chief sent out through the district a summons for the people to come and get some horseflesh, and they turned out to a man. Then the wily chief sent out a second summons, calling upon all who had responded to the first to bring a dollar into the treasury, thus gathering into his exchequer enough cash to reimburse him for the loss of his horses.

Moreover, among the common people themselves there was a loose, mischievous conception of the rights of private ownership. If one asked a friend for something he owned, it was customary not to refuse the request for fear of being dubbed "*pi*" (stingy). One day my mother's cook came into the

kitchen much perturbed. She asked him what was the matter and received the reply that his friend had come to his room and asked for a new pair of boots he had just bought which were the pride of his eye. My mother said to him, "Go get those boots and bring them to me." He did so reluctantly, not relishing the anger of his friend; but the boots were safe and did not pass into the hands of the shameless beggar.

It was not long, however, before a new order of things was brought about. Kamehameha III, acting on the advice of Richards, Judd, Armstrong, Lee, Castle and others, enacted laws which were the beginning of constitutional government in place of autocratic rule. By these laws a part of the land remained Crown Land, another part was to belong to the chiefs, but the remainder was to be public domain, out of which sales might be made and titles given to the people.

My father quickly availed himself of this opportunity of urging the natives of his parish to profit by the offer. The western part of Waialua as far as Keena point, called Mokuleia, was mostly uncultivated pasture land, which he saw could be divided among the Hawaiians instead of passing under the control of the big ranchmen. Because of his interest in getting them to acquire homes protected by fee simple titles, the Waialua natives asked to have him appointed government agent to dispose of these lands to those who mustered the courage and had

the means to buy; indeed there was not another man who could do it as he saw it should be done. So he took compass and chain, personally surveyed 8000 acres, dividing them into 50, 100, 500 and 1000 acre lots and urged the people to buy them, making no charge for his services. He himself wrote the deeds and had them recorded, issued the titles and collected for the Government the amounts due, rendering the same service for holders of small house-lots in other parts of Waialua and in Koolau. Over three hundred natives thus became independent land owners.

The following letter was written in 1850 by my father to Dr. Anderson, Secretary of the American Board:

“During the past year the Government has given a part of our people a chance to get deeds of their lands, some by purchase, and others by permission and inheritance. I strongly hope that before another year two or three hundred householders will be in possession of their lands in fee simple, and in that way be ever after exempt from many of the exactions of the *konohikis*, which have hitherto worked such hardships with them. . . . The sheets that I have written and the time that I have spent in preparing the way, as far as possible, for each native in Waialua to become owner of his own house lot, field and pasture land, are not few.

“Perhaps some will say I have forsaken my call-

ing to become land agent for the Government in the sale of lands to the natives. Be it so. I have accepted an appointment to sell to the natives, at my discretion, about 10,000 acres of land in the district of Waialua. Why did I do it?

“First, the land was for sale and if some one who loved the people did not take up the business, it would probably be sold to their disadvantage in great lots to a few purchasers who would become lords of the land, and such a result would soon render my stay in Waialua almost useless. *Second*, the business was given me to do in my own way and time, subject to the least possible dictation, and I thought that although it would consume time it would not seriously interfere with my other duties. I have plotted out about 8,000 acres, mostly grazing land, into about 300 lots, and nearly all are bargained for by natives. Laws are also made protecting cultivated lands, so that agriculture is progressing as it has not before. *A third* reason that led me to accept this appointment is that the people asked to have it assigned to me, and my acceptance has secured to a large number of poor people lands that they could not have obtained otherwise, and at a saving of cost for services which they could not have met. I have received nothing and no remuneration to me has been proposed, to my knowledge, except fifteen acres worth five dollars an acre. . . . I shall look with much anxiety for the result of the Hawaiians becoming owners of their own land in

fee simple and masters of their own time, free from the exactions of their landlords, too often oppressive."

As the Mokuleia land was from lack of water unsuitable for *taro* land and therefore unattractive for homesteading, it was used as pasture land and became famous as a district for fattening beef stock. The quarterly drives which were kept up during my father's active life were lively occasions. After rounding up the cattle in a large enclosure, the cowboys went among them, roped the calves for marking and selected the fat steers to be driven to the city market. My father made the wise rule that not more than eighteen head of cattle should be pastured on one hundred acres, and as long as the rule was observed the stock kept in good condition and there were plenty of fat cattle, but when, after my father's death, this rule was disregarded, the land became overstocked, the cattle grew poor and unsalable and in sheer despair the poor natives mortgaged or sold out their holdings.²¹

Another need of the Waialua farmers was easier access to the Honolulu market, which could only be reached by a horse-trail leading through deep gulches and streams, or by small coasters that had to contend with currents and baffling winds. Accordingly, after much urging, it was decided by the Gov-

²¹ The pasture lands of Mokuleia are now a part of the great Waialua sugar plantation.

ernment to develop the horse-trail into a road and bridge the streams. Of course this work required supervision. The only man at hand who could plan it and handle both native and white workmen, was my father, so he was asked to add to his other duties that of being the road supervisor of the district. During the two years my father held this office, the road up and down the sides of five gulches was graded and made fit for carriages and oxcarts, and over the streams five bridges were built. Eighteen miles of roadway were constructed to connect with the road already built from Honolulu to Ewa. Some of the time my father had a gang of fifty or more natives under him making the road, and several white carpenters at work building the bridges.

When all was finished, business in Waialua began to boom. Carpenters were busy making yokes and carts, the blacksmith set the tires and the shoemaker cut out and fitted the harnesses. The people ploughed and planted, oxen were trained, carts were put on the road to transport their produce to town, and there sprang up quite a cross-country trade. The coast service was also improved and Waialua harbor had a growing traffic. Where there was once lethargy and poverty, there came to be life, activity and thrift. The natives of Waialua won the reputation of being forehanded and independent; in fact, the politicians and government officials dubbed them, "*he poe kipi*" (people lacking in proper subjection).

When the ballot was given the people, it was not

at first regarded as a free ballot. They were expected to vote as they were told and were slow to realize their constitutional rights. One day when ballots were being cast, a native came to my father and said that he had been ordered by the keeper of the ballot box not to vote for the candidate of his choice, but for another. This brought from my father a protest that created considerable excitement at the time, but which had its far-reaching effect.

It took time to clear away the craven spirit of subserviency which the common people had been trained for generations to cherish towards their superiors. The absolutism of those earlier days, however, had met a challenge. A new spirit of freedom gradually began to possess the people and show itself in their halls of legislation. The power of the chiefs was passing and the power of the people increasing.

It is with satisfaction that I quote the following letter from Judge Lee, the Chief Justice of the Kingdom.

Honolulu, 3d December, 1850.

My dear Emerson:

Herewith I send you a copy of the penal code, with the other acts passed at the last session of the legislature, bound in one volume. On page 161 you will find the law about which you were speaking. I think you cannot do better than to send Mr. Peter J. Gulick as representative of your district. The people of Waialua are now prosperous, and should have a good man to watch over their interests in the legislature.

You have done a noble work for your people, my dear Mr. Emerson, and if they do not reward you, God will. My prayers are with you and with any one else who labors to raise this poor nation one peg in the scale of happiness. Toil on in the good work you have begun, and though now and then a chief may abuse you, or a foreigner revile, your conscience will ever yield a sweet balm to heal every wound they may inflict. You have now placed your people in possession of homesteads, and I trust you will be spared for many years to help them to *better* things. God bless you.

Tell me if your new road is built, and whether it is to your satisfaction. Hoping that your bones are mending²² and that Mrs. Emerson and the little ones are well, I remain in haste,

Yours truly,

W. L. LEE.

²² My father's collar bone had been broken by a fall from his horse.

CHAPTER XV

THE WAIPUOLO HOME

THE TWO HOMES ON THE ANAHULU

IN our home, as in the community, our parents tried to develop Christian character. They did not preach to us, but back of everything we felt an atmosphere of faith and devotion, of obligation and service. I knew nothing of creeds or sects as a child, I only knew that some people were Roman Catholics and some were Protestants. Our faith was founded on the life and teachings of Jesus and His disciples and the words of the psalmists and prophets. Creeds and sects were the perplexing matters of later years. Somehow we were given certain very definite ideals, but were free to do our own thinking and draw our own conclusions.

Our custom of family worship was certainly a formative influence. The daily readings, the verses we committed to memory, made the Bible a revered book, and with the hymns we sang and the prayers we heard, inspired our ideas of God.

Morning prayers sometimes seemed in the way, especially in the bustle and hurry of preparation for

a day's outing. Evening prayers after the day's excitement was over were often more effective—but who can tell when an inspiring thought from some psalmist or Bible hero, or the words of Jesus, would come vitally home? In memory I can still hear the hymns we sang. To begin the day with that powerful appeal,

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.”

helped us to go bravely forward, and at the day's close, when looking back over the happy hours, it made dreams sweeter to sing,

“All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.”

Sunday was a busy day, and as we had no services in English, we children attended the native church. My mother had a rich, clear voice, and not only led our singing at home but drilled and led the native choir. It was in full view from our pew, and when its members stood up to sing, we looked on rows and rows of men and women with big heaving chests and strong voices, who swayed forward and backward as they sang and made the church ring with a volume of sound. If we slept through any of the services, it was not when that husky choir was singing.

On Sunday afternoons we had no special duties. When father was free after the afternoon service, we went into the garden with him. Mother would slip away for a short time to be by herself, but we boys knew her retreat, an upper room called the parlor chamber. There was a Bible on the table, and when she returned to us after her quiet hour we felt she had been refreshed by a spiritual presence; as brother Joe said, "Her face shone as did the face of Moses when he came down from the mountain to meet again the people on the plain." After supper father gathered us around him to hear us repeat the verses we had committed to memory, or the catechism we had learned.

On one important occasion the catechism came peculiarly to my aid. It was my first day at school, and our principal, the much-loved Dr. Edward G. Beckwith, announced that while the classes were being formed we might all stay in the main room and compose some theme on the subject, "What is the great study?"—a rather staggering theme for a child of eleven, who had never written a composition. I sat at my desk just behind Joe, and I remember how vacant my mind was and how helpless I felt, till, glancing over his shoulder to see what he was about, I read the following sententious statement which was undoubtedly cribbed from Dr. Beckwith, "The great study is the study of man." Probably Dr. Beckwith got his authority from President Hopkins of Williams College, of which he was a

graduate. However that may be, with the writing of that notable statement my pen ceased to function, till, thinking the matter over, I called up from memory words stored away from the catechism and put them down as a sort of corollary, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever," and then my composition was done. Very soon I was called upon to read what I had written, and luckily my turn came before Joe's. My composition was greeted with unseemly laughter, which was still louder when Joe's turn came a little later, and that hypercritical audience of girls and boys knew how I had stolen Joe's thunder.

The every day work began early in the Waipuolo home. At dawn of day, after a plunge in the cool bathing pool, father took his Bible and started for the church, and from the neighboring grass houses, the native householders, wrapped in blankets, could be seen with their Bibles under their arms coming to meet him. They read two or three chapters together, my father explaining various passages. After father died, one of these men was asked how many times he had read the Bible through and replied, "Nine times." My father systematized the reading so that all the best parts of the Bible could be read in a year.

Mother often called us in the morning with a song, if we were not already up. In later years in New England the cheery notes of a robin have often stirred me to consciousness, but rarely have I been

awakened in a happier frame of mind than by mother's morning song. After his Bible class father came over to the cow-pen, where, while the milk boys were at work, I was generally to be found petting the calves or milking my favorite cows, and together we would go home for breakfast.

Among the cherished memories of my childhood are the days spent with father and my brothers in excursions to Kamoku after firewood, or up Kawailoa valley after oranges. I could hardly sleep the night before firewood or orange day. The native men with the ox-carts started off at dawn, taking with them axes, chains and luncheon, and sometimes a rifle, we boys following on horseback with father later. When the forests were reached, after five miles of gentle ascent, the men cut down the trees and the oxen dragged them to the cart, while we youngsters, the sound of chopping ringing through the woods, explored their hidden depths hunting for tree-shells. Sometimes we watched the flitting scarlet *i-i-wis*, or listened to the deep note of the *o-os*, while drinking in the aromatic sweetness of that upland forest air.

I remember with vivid interest the sports of those earlier years, when we fished in the Anahulu and sailed our toy fleets at its mouth, wading in the sandy shallows where the stream broadened. How busy we were in the carpenter's shop, making and rigging our boats for a regatta!

The Anahulu river (cave of the *hulu*)²³ is a narrow estuary averaging forty feet wide, which makes up from Waialua Bay a mile or more to the mouth of the Kawailoa stream. On its opposite banks were two homes facing each other. On one side were the Gulicks, and on the other the Emersons. In each family there were seven boys and a younger sister, the Gulicks ranging three or four years older than the Emersons.

At the age of ten or eleven, each one went to Honolulu to attend the Punahou Boarding School, which the missionaries established in early days for their children. In the vacations there were lively times in the waters and on the banks of the gently flowing Anahulu. They would have been still livelier if all the Gulick and Emerson boys could have been at home at the same time, but by the time the younger ones were old enough to be counted in, the older boys had been sent to "The States" for advanced education, so we were never all together.

In 1849 came the first break in our family circle. My brother John, apparently a vigorous boy, died at the age of eleven of an affection of the heart, and about three years later, my brother William, a fine boy of seventeen, became ill. In the hope that it would benefit him he was sent on a voyage with Captain Gelette, a wise, kindly friend, but the trouble was too serious and he died at sea in July, 1852.

²³ *Hulu*—a kind of fish.

The seven tall cocoanut trees which are pointed out to tourists who visit Waialua as standing for my father's seven sons, were planted by William more than seventy-five years ago, to stand for the six remaining brothers and our precious sister Sophie, who was born in 1849, making our family complete. As Sophie grew to be a little girl I was naturally her guardian while the rest were away at school, though I made a poor show at it.

I remember so well those days when months had passed since I had seen my brothers. I would climb to the ridgepole of the house and stand on it for perhaps an hour, looking off toward the place on the Honolulu road, three miles away, where they would first come in sight. How excited I was when I saw the rising dust from horses' hoofs which told they were near!

Life at home was stirring during those long summer vacations. They were strenuous days for mother; new suits had to be made and fitted to growing boys, so the sewing women as well as the cook were kept busy, and several leaves had to be added to the dining table which stretched quite across the room.

Horses were in the paddocks, saddles, saddle-cloths, bridles, spurs, lariats and hitching ropes cluttered up the saddle room. In those days mounts did not cost much. By the payment of a small sum father had the lease of several thousand acres of upland pasture extending for miles back of our

home, where cattle and horses roamed, and when a new mount was needed a colt could be broken to the saddle.

Then the hunting spirit broke loose. Rifles and fowling pieces stood in the closet ready for use, and the wild goats, pigs and turkeys became aware of the fact. Nat was a good shot. I have known him to put a bullet through the head of a duck fifty yards away, and Justin's long legs took him over the hills after turkeys.

Sometimes we cut the long buoyant rushes and bound them into large rolls to make floats, and two such rolls, when firmly lashed together, would easily bear two of us. Sometimes a friendly native lent us his canoe and we paddled up the river, or ventured out on the bay to run on the surf. One of our chosen canoe trips was up the Ukoa lagoon, the favorite abode of innumerable mud-hens and occasional ducks. The fellow with the gun sat at the bow ready for a quick shot, while the one at the stern, hardly raising his blade, made the canoe glide noiselessly along toward the wary bird.

On warm days when we panted for a swim, we went up the river to a secluded spot, calling to the Gulick boys to come along too. On one side where the bank was high we made running leaps into the water, resting afterwards in Huki's sugar-cane patch and chewing the sweet stalks while we talked. William and Tom Gulick were interesting talkers, and

sometimes other boys were visiting us. The Punahou boys and girls of our day were good companions.

Fourth of July and Thanksgiving were our notable holidays, and later, when Puritan customs were modified, Christmas was added. The quartette, Nat, Justin, Joe and I knew how to celebrate the glorious Fourth. Nat was the leader. In preparation for the day, we made small lead cannons, not quite a foot long, by pouring melted lead into a paper mould, up the centre of which was placed a round stick of carefully whittled pine to form the bore. When the lead had hardened, the well-greased stick was easily pulled out and a touch-hole bored at the butt. The bullet when pressed down hard on the powder could be aimed and shot without danger to the cannon and easily pass through a pine board, but the gunner must take care not to stand in the way of the kick. Though mother became accustomed to our use of these home-made explosives, she was glad when rifles and fowling pieces took the place of lead cannons and we turned to target-shooting and hunting.

The wild cattle that fed on the edge of the forests above the pastures were still-hunted with the rifle, or were roped by the cowboys. A day's hunt for them began early when dew still glistened on the fields, and was charged with excitement. When my brothers were old enough to be away at work in vacation time, earning money for college expenses, this was my favorite sport. Mother called me long

before dawn and in the pantry I found a bowl of loppered milk, a good enough breakfast for a growing boy. "Goodby, mother." "Oliver, don't fasten to a bullock." "No, mother," and off I was on Selim, the finest bullock horse in Waialua.

We rode slowly about four miles up the sloping pasture lands till we reached the brow of the plain where the wild cattle fed, and there, just out of their sight, we dismounted and waited for daylight.

When dawn came and we could see clearly, we tightened our saddle-girths, adjusted our lariats, deadened the jingle of our spurs, mounted and stole quietly along the edge of the plain toward the cattle, and then, as soon as they discovered us and began to start for cover, there was a wild rush, and each able rider roped his bullock before the wild creature had plunged back into the forest, or down a deep valley-side.

The excitement was not over when this was done; in fact, it had only just begun. It is a long, dangerous race getting a wild bull down the slopes to the home paddock. You must keep the twenty-five feet of slack lariat free from fatal jerks and entanglement; and to keep yourself and your horse clear of the bull's horns when he turns to fight himself free, requires practice and a swift, well-trained horse. It is daring sport—no wonder my mother cautioned me against the danger. But one morning she overslept and I got off without my promise. A chance came to throw my lariat which I could not resist and

I roped a young bull. When I got home I said, "Mother, don't make me promise again not to fasten to a bullock, for I have caught him."

But the rarest days of all were those we spent hunting for tree-shells, the famous achatinellidae of the Hawaiian Islands. I still feel the exhilaration of those excursions, the zest of coming upon a hidden surprise of nature, some fine specimen of these beautiful shells, each ridge, each valley revealing its peculiar variety. After an early breakfast we rode over the uplands to the forests, which then reached down far below the present line. Dismounting, we tethered our horses and pushed our way afoot up a ridge, or plunged down into a lovely valley or ravine, pausing at the verge to listen to the call of the shell; as the native imaged it, *pupu kani oi-oi* (the shrill-voiced shell). Yes, we heard a faint murmur. Was it the droning of insects? I have since failed to hear those shrill far-away, faint echoes. Conditions have changed, cattle, wild hogs and hunters have invaded those virgin coverts and the dryads have fled, but surely it was to us brothers "the call of the wild."

It was not only the luck we had in finding rare specimens of achatinellidae which held us as devotees to these rambles, it was the entire experience. The flora of Hawaii is peculiarly rich and attractive. There are ferns of many kinds, some delicate and low, others vigorous and tall; there are clinging parasites and vines, the *i-e i-e* and the fragrant *maile*

with beautiful glossy leaves, the sweet-scented ginger and *mokihena*, the banana, *alani*, and broad-leaved *ti* plant, the *lehua ahihi* with its red ponpons, and scores of other graceful plants with shining stems. The air was charged with aromatic odors. With Gray we felt "the call of incense-breathing morn."

Pupu 'Kani Oioi

(Song of the Shrill-Voiced Shell)

Native—*Kahuli aku,*
Kahuli mai,
Kahuli lei ula,
Lei akolea.
'Kolea, kolea.
E kii ka wai,

Wai akolea.

English—To and fro
A waving go,
Froned of fern
Flushed with red.
Drinking the sparkling
Drops of dew,
On the leaflet
Securely I tread.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD-TIME NATIVES

THERE were two distinct classes of old time natives, the chiefs who owned the land and were the rulers, and the common people, their tenants at will and servants. The former were haughty and commanding, the latter obsequious and submissive. The word *kauoha* (command) was familiar to the lips of the chiefs, *nonoi* (petition) to the lips of the people. Kuokoa even in his prayers to God would use his habitual word of command, *kauoha*, though the common people always said *nonoi*.

Not long after my father came to Waialua, Laanui became ill and my father called upon him. Being a high chief, he had to be handled with considerable circumspection. My father reached out his hand to feel his pulse, but the chief would have none of that and moved his hand away.

The next thing was, if possible, to see his tongue, but such a suggestion would have been the limit of presumption. It was a case requiring strategy. So my father asked him if he had a good appetite. Of course the sick man loathed food, and as in making negative replies, especially to distasteful questions,

a Hawaiian would frequently run out his tongue—the stronger the negative the more pronounced the demonstration—the chief in disgust ran out his tongue to its full length, and my father was able to make his diagnosis.

Conscious of their dignity, the natives were sensitive to criticism or ridicule. My father had a load of sand for making mortar drawn from the beach in his ox-cart. There were miles and miles of it along the shores of Waialua bay, but Kuokoa, feeling his authority—a not uncommon human failing—thought it a good chance to make a dollar or two, and put a price on the sand, just as he had on fishing rights, and told my father that he would have to pay twenty-five cents a load.

“Kuokoa,” said my father, “you arrogate to yourself the absolutism of a pope; in ordering the affairs of the community you want the pope’s pence for everything.” This put him in a foolish as well as a selfish attitude, from which he shrank, and nothing more was said about charging for Waialua sand.

Yet this autocratic man of authority, whose very name means “one who stands apart,” and who took the place of the chief when Laanui was absent, was a supporter of righteousness as far as he saw it, and was one to whom my father looked for the maintenance of law and order.

His firm belief in a physical resurrection was certainly crude. Where he got it I do not know. I am sure he did not get it from any teaching my father

had given him. Riding with him once by the seashore over a stretch of sandy hummocks, said to be an old battlefield, where probably some of the slain had been hastily buried, my father came upon a thigh bone lying upon the sand uncovered by the strong trade winds, and picked it up to examine it as he rode along. The *konohiki* was shocked by this act of desecration and remonstrated at seeing the bone removed. "When the resurrection comes, and all who were buried here spring to life, where will this poor man find his thigh, and how will the rest of the bones get together if this one is carried off?"

The natives I was familiar with in my childhood were faithful and gentle; as domestics and attendants our hearts gave them a warm place.

A year or two after my father and mother began housekeeping in the Waialua home, they secured the services of two men and two women who were keeping company with each other and who became valuable servants. At my father's suggestion they paired off and sealed their relations by taking marriage vows, my father officiating at the ceremony which made Puukua and Hannah man and wife, and Huki and Polly. These four natives loyally kept their vows and remained with us till the end of their lives. After twelve years Puukua died, Hannah following a year later.

Huki was a well-built man of medium size, a humorous character and an old-time native athlete,

as spry as a cat. Before he came to us he had served in the train of the chief as a kind of clown, and could dance, dodge about, perform tricks or imitate the cry of animals, in most amusing ways. If we happened to be on the woodpile when he came by, he would challenge us to hit him with chips and would dodge them as he had learned to dodge spears. He hunted mud-hens with bow and arrow and was an expert fisherman. I like to recall the days when he would ask me for a *re-al* with which to buy hooks.

He kept our *taro* patches in fine shape as long as he was able to work, planting the tops in little hillocks of mud, weeding them and pulling the roots for our table as they matured. He could "*oli*" (chant) the deeds of noted chiefs or repeat lyrics in praise of nature, putting into them the throb of some subtle dream or passion.

One evening when father happened to be in Honolulu and we boys were all at home on a vacation, we thought it would be a fine chance for Huki to perform some of his tricks. We got mother's leave to use the dining room for the show after supper. At the heat of the performance the tails and backs of our cats began to rise, for they heard the wild, fierce challenge of a bigger cat than they had ever met. They sought an escape, and it became urgent when the bigger cat turned into a dog. There were two dogs, in fact, for our watch-dog, outside the door, joined in with wild jumps and fierce barks

and howls; he and Huki defied each other and the cats thought pandemonium was certainly let loose.

When quite a small boy I was once at Huki's as he was preparing a young half-grown pig for his oven. Taking a cord and beginning at the snout, he wound it tightly around the pig's nose and mouth up to the eyes, and when he let go the pig rolled over and ceased to breathe. This, he said, was the old way of preparing pigs for the *imu* or ground oven. My pity for the pig was moved, but I question if the so-called civilized way of taking pig life is any more merciful than this so-called heathen way.

Though Huki was somewhat of a savage in his make-up, he was kept within bounds by the quiet but strong personality of Polly, who was a truly fine and remarkable character. She had an unusually tall and symmetrical figure and a face that shone with rare kindness. She cared for us in our infancy and childhood, and when we began to leave home to go to Punahou School in Honolulu, she would come and hold us by the knees and with a gentle hug and a few tears would say her goodbye. On our return, the same gentle, humble greeting would welcome us home again.

Her warm heart, her affectionate ways, her patience and uniform kindness won our childish regard, and no servant ever quite took the place Polly held. She was by instinct and intuition a nurse, and when after childbirth mother needed special care,

Polly would bring to her bedside deftness, sympathy and cheer.

In their old age Huki and Polly had their own little home just back of ours, and true to the old native custom, they had one thatched hut for sleeping, one for eating, and a third in which to work. Here we children would often be found enjoying their hospitality, watching Polly beat the pulp of hibiscus bark into *tapa* coverings for her bed, or weave rush or *lauhala* mats for her floors. She was always industrious; she loved to do for others and was dear to us all.

One of my friends once expressed his admiration for the old-time natives. He held that they were less sophisticated and more willing to do ordinary work than those of today. They were a sturdy lot; they lived abstemiously and many of them had keen native intelligence.

Under chiefish rule they had been trained to work. They did most of the housework for the missionary families in earlier days and the sugar plantations were manned by them. In 1864, for six months I had charge of about one hundred and fifty acres of cane land of the then Waihee plantation and had only natives as laborers, about fifty men who did good work. In later years aliens have taken their places in both field and domestic work and now one rarely sees a native house servant.

Most of the policemen are Hawaiians and many educated natives are teachers or clerks in Govern-

ment or private employ. If not studious, the native boy of today is apt to be venturesome. On ranches he is a fearless horseman and cowboy. He is a good companion and guide in the wild uplands, and as a ship hand or stevedore he is as much in demand today by the island steamers as he was formerly by the whaling fleet.

Every one admires the physical vigor and fearlessness of the Hawaiians. Once in the icy waters of the Okhotsk Sea, a right whale was captured just at nightfall. A storm was brewing and the captain was anxious to have the body lashed to the ship before dark, but in the hurry an attempt to bend a hawser around the flukes of the whale repeatedly failed. A Hawaiian sailor seized the end of a line, and, leaping into the icy waters, dove with it under the great monster, brought it up the other side and back to the ship. The hawser was quickly attached, and before it was too late the whale was made fast.

The white man's ways were interesting to the natives, not that they might be imitated, but as a revelation of another kind of life. They studied our features and behavior. "That boy," they would say, "is the image of his father" (*ku i ka makua kane*). When provoked and out of patience with us, they would chide us for some peculiarity. "You light-haired little mischief maker" (*keiki kolohe poohina*), or when pleased they would flatter us, "*keiki ui*" (handsome boy).

It was not so much curiosity, however, as real

respect and interest that used to attract groups of elderly women to our home on Sundays after the morning service, to stay till the afternoon service began. They would quietly come into the dining room as we sat at our dinner, and taking the long-handled *kahilis*²⁴ from behind the clock, would deftly wave them as they stood behind us. Trained to be followers, not leaders, the old-time natives were deferential. They accepted the advice and leadership of their teachers without question and loved to serve them.

One day, when I was a child, a native boy about fourteen years old came to our house. His father had been a calabash maker for the chief, but had lost his job, for crockery was coming into use. So the son had to seek a new employment, and though rude in manner and speech, the boy showed good spirit.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" said my father.

"You can give me work," was the reply.

"What kind of work do you want? What can you do?"

"What you teach me to do."

²⁴ There were two kinds of *kahilis*. One kind, which was used as a fly brush, was a stick with feathers bound around at the top and a part way down. The other kind was a plumed staff of State, larger, handsomer feathers, which were often brilliant, being used. *Kahilis* of this kind were the insignia of nobility and a striking feature of all ceremonials.

"Aren't you rather young and small to do much work?"

"I shall grow."

"Do you really wish to learn to do good work?"

"Try me and see."

This boy was Mahaulu, who became a useful servant. Much was entrusted to him and we brothers grew fond of him, as he of us. He caught the English words which came from our lips, good, bad and indifferent, and stored them in his memory, to throw them back at us when the spirit moved. Vigorous and keen, he was my companion in many a wild hunt in the uplands.

He greatly admired my father and emulated his thrift and skill. Not a horseshoe or nail lying on the ground would escape his eye, and in time, when he became a householder, there was a pile of junk in the corner of his cart-shed, just as there was in ours.

When he was married he built a neat four-room cottage with a front veranda and a hall through the middle. But he was not content without a dining room and kitchen in the rear and, since building was costly, he had to watch his chance to get them. One day it came at an auction about two miles away, when a two-room shack was put up for sale. He bought it at a mere nominal price and, putting it on wheels, got it home, ran it up against the back of his cottage and completed his addition without great expense.

This reminds me of a feat I once witnessed of native strength. On our premises was a two-room frame building, perhaps fourteen by twenty-four feet, which my father wished to move an eighth of a mile. A leading native said he would undertake the job. He called together about forty men, who put the building on long beams, lifted it up on their shoulders and carried it to its new location, with their leader standing in its doorway giving his orders. Doubtless Mahaulu was on hand as usual, and had the incident in mind, when, long afterwards, he mounted his shack on wheels and drew it home. He became in time the most trusted and capable native of the district and was known as a sturdy character.

Mahaulu married Kalakona whom my mother had trained to work in our home, and years afterwards, when as Secretary of the Hawaiian Board I visited Waialua, I never suffered for lack of a good lodging-place. They always gave me a warm welcome and provided for me as they had in the old days. Kalakona would take from her camphor trunk clean sheets, blankets and pillow cases and prepare the bedroom, while Mahaulu was cooking the dinner as he knew I would like it.

One day as Mahaulu and I were walking about the deserted premises of my old home, he suddenly stopped, and holding up one outstretched hand he turned down, as he spoke, thumb and fingers one by one: "There is Sam, your eldest brother, he was a

ranchman and raised cattle, but your father knew more about stock than Sam ever dreamed of; and there are Nat and Justin, physicians, and good ones, Nat here as President of the Board of Health, Justin on the Mainland, but your father was both doctor and minister and cared for the bodies as well as for the souls of his people. Then there is Joe, a surveyor for the Hawaiian government, but your father not only surveyed government lands, he sold them to the people and helped them get homesteads; and here are you, a minister and the Secretary of the Hawaiian Board. Your father was our minister, preacher and spiritual leader and got close to us in our homes, teaching us how to live." Then, having doubled down his fingers (and us) one by one, he shook his fist, with these words: "Your father combined in his one person the various vocations which you five brothers have followed, and all of you put together are not equal to the old man."

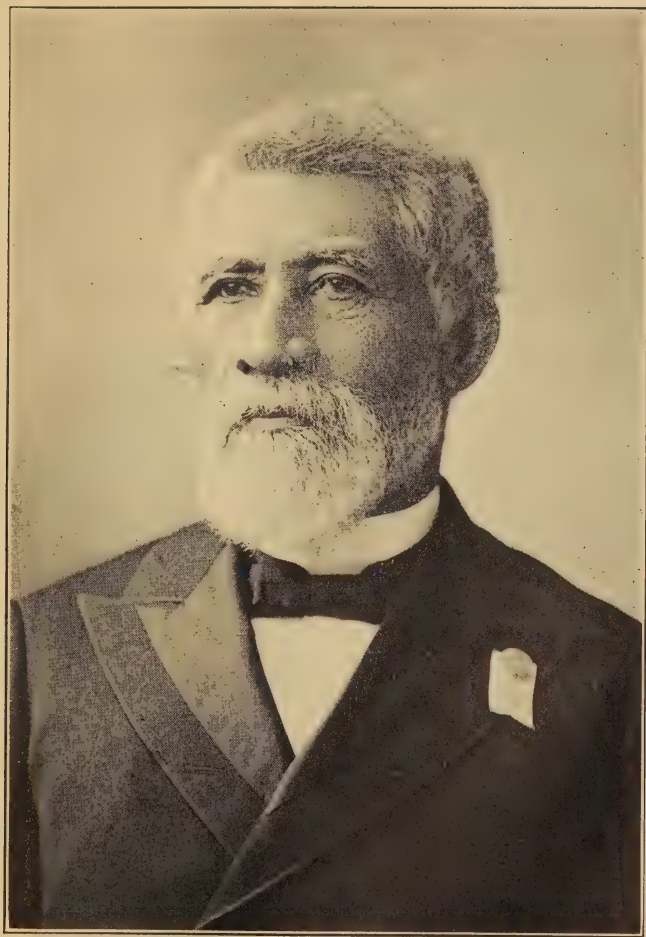
Such was the tender regard in which this native man and his wife held the memory of my father and mother, that when we were far from home they reverently cared for the hallowed graves.

Some of the full-blooded Hawaiians and half-whites have held first rank as leaders, and with some of them, who chose the ministry as a vocation, I had the good fortune to be closely associated.

James Kauhane, of chiefish blood, will remain in the memory of many of us as one of the fine characters of any race. As a young man he was a school

teacher. Later he studied for the ministry, in which calling he did valuable service, not abandoning it when he was elected to the Legislature, where he soon became President of the Senate. As a school-mate of King Kalakaua, who reigned from 1874 to 1891, he knew him well, and if the king and his sister Liliuokalani had followed Kauhane's wise counsels they might have had happier days.

I once had the good fortune to cross the continent with him and the observations of his keen mind were always interesting. American audiences listened to him with deep attention. We went together to see the Lincoln statue in Chicago and his first exclamation was, "*Nui ke aloha!*" (What humanity, what love!)



REVEREND JAMES KAUHANE
Teacher, Christian Minister, Statesman. At one time President
of the Senate of the Kingdom of Hawaii

CHAPTER XVII

DRIFTWOOD

IN AND OUT OF COURT

A FRIEND who had always had misgiving as to the advisability of foreign missions was surprised at their breadth and scope after living in Hawaii and seeing first-hand the work accomplished by them. "Why," she said, "these missionary stations are the best kind of social settlements." It is granted that a normal family life is the best centre for social welfare work, and unconsciously my father and mother made their home helpful, not only to native Hawaiians, but to many others.

There were a number of white men in our neighborhood who, in their wanderings over the world as sailors and mechanics, had acquired bad habits. They imbibed too freely, to forget their troubles. Some of them had native wives, who were not only ignorant, but unable to prepare the food usually found in civilized homes. These men found in my mother a wise counselor, and a friend who would even try to make their food more palatable.

Saturday was mother's baking day, and out of the

big brick oven which father had built for her, she took loaves of bread, pies and puddings, baked breadfruit, *taro* and bananas, and on special feast days roast fowl, turkey or suckling pig.

It was unadulterated gladness for me to watch these delicious viands brought one by one out of the big oven on the wide blade of the long-handled shovel which Tom Cornell hammered out for this purpose, they were so savory, so tempting.

The day's baking was placed steaming and crusty, rich and juicy, on the big deal table which stood by the western window of the wide kitchen, and when the afternoon sun shone on this attractive array, I was ravished by the view. To my childish eyes there was a splendor in it which I cannot forget even now in my old age.

But what pleases me most as I look back on those baking days, with their visions of richness and plenty, visions which helped to make my boyhood so happy, is the fact that those forlorn men, married to inefficient, untrained native wives, got from my mother their share. The carefully baked bread and the butter which their wives could not supply and which they could not otherwise procure, they would get in weekly visits to our home.

Mr. A. would come in and take his loaf of bread and pound of butter, then Mr. B. would walk in and take his package, and after exchanging a few pleasantries and words of appreciation, they would go back to their homes to try to be sober—think and

dream perhaps, over their pipes, of better days. The missionary home brought back to them their own early homes so far away on the Mainland.

Occasionally they opened their hearts to their friendly country-woman, who was adding so materially to their comfort and was ready with her sympathy, and out of some blighted life would come the story of a great disappointment, or of some escapade which drove the young man from his home and made him an aimless wanderer in that western world.

Notwithstanding their checkered experiences by which they had lost social standing, these men had their useful places in the community. They had a friend in my father, who appreciated their ability and helped them follow their trades. One was a hard-working tanner and farmer, another was an honest harness and shoemaker, and a third was a good dairyman and had charge of our stock.

My father discovered one man under circumstances that made his relations with us all peculiarly friendly. A derelict of American society, cast up as driftwood upon the shores of Hawaii, he happened to come to Waialua and was taken in by a friend. One day when he was very ill with typhoid fever, the house took fire and he was carried out across the threshold in a helpless condition. There was no hospital and my father had him brought to our house; indeed it was the only place where he could

be cared for and the missionary mother was the only nurse who could save his life.

It was a life worth saving. He was a skillful master of many trades, a cabinet-maker, carpenter and blacksmith, and on his recovery my father set him up in business. There was nothing he could do for my mother which he would not do, and we boys could never forget Tom Cornell's skill in his various crafts, and the help and instruction he gave us in handling tools.

Pleasant as it is to recall the loyalty and devotion with which these stranded mariners regarded my father and mother, it is trying to think how persistent some of them were in doing foolish and unfortunate things contrary to their advice.

One man in particular was most headstrong in pursuing a course which finally wrecked his life. It was rumored that he was seeking a wife among the natives and had picked out his helpmate. My father knew that the girl was untrained, ignorant and without character, a particularly low-down native unfit to be a decent man's wife, and with his interest in the man's welfare he asked if he might not help him to a better choice. But Mr. ———— would take no advice. He declared that in marrying a native he chose to take one "right out of the bush," and just such a person he got as his home maker. He lived to regret it many years, till one day in his old age, a worthless son-in-law, supposedly eager for his

wife's share of her inheritance, shot him dead on his very doorstep.

An amusing instance of my mother's power to win out against odds, occurred after most of us had left home to follow our professions, and she had become an old lady. A concert was to be given by the church and Sunday-school and the conductor was a white man, who had a genius for such leadership, but unfortunately had also a genius for conviviality.

The hour for the last rehearsal came, when all discords were to be eliminated and final touches given to make the performance a success. When Mother Emerson arrived at the church she found the people in consternation. The conductor had arrived but was too drunk to lead.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"On the other side of the stone wall, in the graveyard," was the reply.

Whereupon she went where he was, all crumpled up and limp, and looking over the wall at him said,

"Come with me."

"I can't, I am drunk."

"You must; come right along with me."

"I can't."

"You must; come now," and the stronger will prevailed over the weaker. The staggering man followed the missionary mother to her home near by, took the dose of hot ginger tea she quickly prepared, and came back with her to the church, sober as a

judge, and in possession of his faculties as leader of the chorus.

Several years later, after my mother's death, travelling by chance with this same musical conductor, he told me about the whole affair. It seems that a political interest had a bearing. The Superintendent of the Sunday-school which gave the concert was a candidate for a public office soon to be filled by an election. He had an opponent, a wily neighbor, who was anxious to discredit him, and who conceived the idea of making a failure of the concert to be given by his Sunday-school, by putting the conductor of it out of commission. His chance came when he saw the conductor going by on his way to the rehearsal. Knowing the man's weakness he invited him to come in to take a drink and gave him strong liquor till he was maudlin.

"But how about the concert," I asked; "was it a success?"

"Yes," he replied, "it was a howling success."

"And how about the election?"

"The wily opponent was completely snowed under; the success of that concert won popular favor for the Superintendent, who polled a large vote and won an easy victory over the man who tried to beat him by such a mean trick."

Deeply as my mother sympathized with these men, whose misfortunes or misdeeds had led their feet far from the paths of pleasantness and peace and had cast them as driftwood upon those remote

shores, there to spend their days without proper home-life and companionship, her indignation was keen against those higher in the social scale, who wantonly betrayed the young native women she labored to train for true motherhood and into whose minds she had sought to instil pure ideals.

How I have seen fire blaze in her eyes, particularly against one man who, with his wealth, leadership and social standing, might easily have thrown his influence on the right side and have been a power for good! As long as this man followed his evil ways her disapproval showed in her eyes at every mention of his name. At last, old and feeble, disinclined longer to continue them, he came to our home lonely, and perhaps penitent, a changed man, seeking friendly recognition and sympathy. And then he got it, fully and without stint.

Mr. Emerson's position in the community often made it possible for him to smooth over quarrels, to clear up misunderstandings and to keep people out of court; or if any one got into the grip of the law to see that he received a fair trial. Courts and judges were new to Hawaiians, however, and their ideas regarding them were crude. Civil procedures conferred a certain notoriety, and with the human desire to get into the limelight, to carry one's point and to hit back, nothing seemed to please some natives better than going to law.

A native of Waialua died, leaving among his ef-

fects a spoke-shave, worth perhaps fifty cents, claimed by two of his heirs, who, not being able to agree as to which should have it, brought the matter into the district court. Each hired a lawyer and in addition one had to pay the costs of court, but the fact that they were both out of pocket to the extent of several dollars did not seem to trouble them, for they had had the excitement of a lawsuit. Of course, sometimes a disagreement would occur between a native and a white man because they spoke different languages, and Mr. Emerson, understanding both, could come to the rescue.

One amusing incident threatened to undermine the morals of the community. The wife of one of the deacons, a native of good standing, gave birth to a white child. The family was in deep trouble, the tongues of the people were wagging and the officials of the church were on the point of demanding summary discipline. Great was the relief of all concerned, when my father discovered the child was an albino and thus the clouds were cleared away.

Solicitous as he was to prevent unnecessary litigation, he would not overlook a serious violation of the law. During 1857 there was an unusual outbreak of lawlessness in the district, cattle thieves began their operations in a daring way and no one seemed ready to act, fearing the ill will of these lawless men.

A notorious well-proven theft occurred and in order to have the thief arrested and brought to

court, Mr. Emerson called on Kuokoa, who was the district judge as well as the *konohiki*. The culprit, however, was one of Kuokoa's handy workmen and he turned a deaf ear to the charge, replying that if the case came to his court it would be dismissed.

"Very well," Mr. Emerson said; "as you have given your verdict in advance and without a hearing, you have proven your unfitness to try it and I will take the case to another court."

This he did. The thief was duly tried and convicted, and the punishment had a wholesome effect on the observance and administration of law in the community.

CHAPTER XVIII

PROGRESS IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY

IN 1853 came dark days for Waialua and even darker ones for other districts of Oahu. As with all undeveloped peoples, an epidemic among the Hawaiians was always a serious menace, and now from May to October, 1853, a terrible scourge of smallpox, brought from abroad to Honolulu, swept through the island of Oahu, affecting also, but to a much less degree, the other islands. Notwithstanding the efforts of an intelligent Board of Health to quarantine, vaccinate and segregate, about one-fifth of the natives of Honolulu died of the disease, while at Ewa it is reported one-half of the population succumbed to the epidemic. At Waialua, the mortality was less than in any other district of Oahu; Mr. Emerson reported 201 deaths.

He was appointed government agent for Waialua and Koolauloa, to do what he could to check the disease. Part of the time he had the aid of a physician, and all the time he and my mother were busy ministering to the sufferers. There was no hospital, but he vaccinated freely and extemporized a place

of segregation, where some of the patients were treated. Back and forth he went from house to house, to advise and prescribe, while at home mother kept food ready for those in need, being called upon day and night. A tap at the window and she would spring from her bed to hand out toast or gruel to some patient who could not eat the common native food. My brother Joseph remembers the great pot of cornmeal gruel hanging over the fire in the kitchen, ready to be served to any who came for it.

It was a sorry sight, after the epidemic was over, to see the deeply pitted faces of so many who had suffered, and sadder still to see the closed houses. An entire settlement was wiped out in one remote valley. It was fortunate that my father had had a year's study in medicine at Dartmouth. In 1860, when he visited his Alma Mater, a degree of M.D. was conferred upon him in appreciation of the medical service he had rendered his people.

Following close on this disaster, little sister Sophie met with a serious accident. She was a beautiful child, full of vivacity and life, the joy of her father's heart and close to mother as an only daughter. One day, early in 1854, she fell, seriously injuring her hip, and before she had fully recovered she took cold in it and hip disease developed. Never can I forget those weeks of pain she could hardly endure and the sorrow of my parents and of my own child heart. The cheer that good

Dr. Judd's visits brought to our household was shared by us all and won my lifelong regard for this strong and able man. Recovery came at last, and during the days of convalescence it was my part to wait on her, take her out in her little carriage and give such comfort as a rough-handed careless boy could.

Notwithstanding the epidemic of smallpox during the summer of 1853, and that of measles, which spread through the Islands only five years earlier and was said to be fatal to one-tenth of the population, I find in my father's report from 1850 to 1860 much that is encouraging. In May, 1852, he wrote:

"It is now twenty years since the Waialua station was established. They have brought many changes, mostly for the better, though some apparently for the worse. The spirit of servile obedience has to a great degree departed; now if men move at all, they act from some other motive than the mere will of the chief. There is now more cheerful, productive industry, more comfort and wealth, obtained more honorably and intelligently, and more equally divided. There is now more independence, less hypocrisy and more manly, efficient piety; he who once feared to fill his calabash with water or feed his pig because it was tabu day, has learned that the Sabbath was made for man. Yet with this freedom comes more immorality, profanity, stealing and liti-

gation. What can we say—excepting that where wheat grows there will be tares.

“Many now own their homesteads and ploughs with which they cultivate their lots. The fields of waving grass and shrubbery, which fifteen or twenty years ago covered our hills and plains, with but here and there a flock of goats to revel in their luxury, are no longer to be seen. Horses and cattle have reduced the rank pasturage, and where formerly there were only *taro*, potato and banana patches, there are now fields of cane, wheat, corn, rice and coffee. Twenty years ago wooden or stone houses were rare in our large villages, but now such buildings are quite common and the grass hut is disappearing.”

My father's interest in education and his experience as a teacher made him an authority in matters pertaining to the schools. He was one of the early trustees of Punahou School at Honolulu, the establishment of which he urged, and he advocated a further training in English for the Hawaiians. In his report for 1855 he wrote:

“Our native schools for the past twenty years have been our pride and our stronghold for the Hawaiian nation. For them we have hoped and prayed and in them most of us have toiled. Through their instrumentality we have striven to develop an intelligent and somewhat educated people and we

have not been disappointed. We have now among us a large number of Hawaiians, who by their training would be capable of studying higher branches of science and philosophy, had they the textbooks. Some of them show decided intellectual ability, but they are handicapped by the limited facilities they have for continuing their studies."

CHAPTER XIX

A TRIP TO THE MARQUESAS

AS has been seen, the missionaries in Hawaii were not satisfied to work only for those islands. They wished to reach out to other groups in the Pacific, and in 1851 they made a renewed effort by organizing a Missionary Society, finding the men and raising the money for carrying out their purpose in their own churches. In 1852 they sent a band of missionaries to Micronesia and in 1853 another, to which I have already referred, to the Marquesas Islands. An important part of the work was to send from time to time a delegate to cheer those sturdy men and women and to carry to them money and supplies, for they were often sadly pinched.

In 1856 Rev. Lowell Smith was sent in a schooner chartered for this purpose to the Marquesas, and I find in the report he made on his return:

"I found them all in usual health, cheerful and happy in their work, but they had been obliged for several months to look on the shady side. Their foreign supplies and available means for purchasing more were exhausted. Brother Bicknell had sold his hand-saws, plane-irons, chisels, hatchets, adzes

and one or two razors in exchange for food, and the Hawaiians had parted with most of their furnishings, knives, forks and spoons, for the same purpose.

"They had been obliged to spend considerable time in fishing and had to go four or five miles in a canoe for vegetables, paying for them with pins, which the Marquesans converted into fishhooks; they would soon have had to part with their clothing.

"I carried a \$500 bill of credit, to be renewed every year, which I trust will prevent a similar embarrassment in the future, yet these men steadily refused to give up their work, the results of which in promoting more peaceful conditions are evident."

In 1857 my father was asked to go as a delegate and readily consented. It had been arranged that the American Board missionary brig *Morning Star*, which was bought with a fund raised by the children of the United States, to which the people of the Hawaiian Islands contributed, should be under the direction of the Hawaiian Missionary Society after arriving at Honolulu. This Society decided to send the vessel first to the Marquesas and to send with my father as a native delegate a high chief, Nama-keha, accompanied by his wife. Rev. Alexander Kaukau and his wife went as additional missionaries, and Mr. Evarts Chamberlain as a passenger, as he wished to take the voyage for his health.

It was a long, eventful voyage of thirty-five days

against head winds and currents. At one time when the water was getting low in the tanks, the captain almost decided to abandon the task and square away for Tahiti, about six hundred miles from the Marquesas. But my father urged him to keep at it a little longer, and in two days they sighted land, entering a bay of the island of Hivaoa five days later on June 4, 1857.

My father writes in his journal on that day:

“This has been one of the most eventful days of my life. It was agreed yesterday that if we stood in near the land and found any place on the island where a human being appeared to live, that I should go in with a boat’s crew and find, if possible, where the missionaries are. In the morning it was dark and cloudy and the captain had misgivings about the landing, but between nine and ten o’clock the clouds broke away and we were standing in toward a large bay, about five miles wide at the entrance and nearly five miles deep. At first not the vestige of a house or anything indicating a human residence could be seen. Before long, however, I descried three or four houses on the shore, and after straining my eyes looking through a poor spy-glass, I could see two or three more, six or eight miles distant. Preparations were then made for my going ashore and a boat was lowered; the crew were quickly in it and we were immediately on the high-rolling waves.

“It was soon discovered that the boat was leaking

badly and, as we had nothing at hand for a bale, we put back and a pail and a basin were tossed to us. The basin filled and sank, the pail was so large and heavy that it could only be used when a barrel or more of water had leaked into the boat, so the carpenter pulled off one of his boots and with it I baled, while the men pulled lustily at the oars.

"After an hour or more we met a good whale-boat, well manned by a savage-looking crew, their naked bodies being much tattooed. They appeared pleased and lively, returned our salutations, and informed us that Kekela and family were up the bay. As we approached the shore the surf was breaking in every direction, but after various misunderstandings, a native in the whale-boat shouted, 'Pull,' and we got through, our boat partly filled with water. We made a landing on the beach, which we found alive with people, principally children, as handsomely formed as any children I ever saw.²⁵

"This was the village of Puamau, where Kekela lived, and as I leaped ashore he stood ready to embrace me. Such an overcoming emotion of admiration and sympathy for this self-denying man I loved, and gratitude to God, I have rarely felt. He led me silently by the hand toward his house, and when we were able to speak we consulted as to how and where we could arrange a meeting of all the missionaries.

²⁵ The Marquesans are noted for their fine physique.

"We decided to hold it at Hanaahi, where Mr. Bicknell lives, a few miles from Puamau, and that Kekela should leave his family for a couple of days and go with us on the *Morning Star* to the island of Fatuhiwa, to get Kaiwi, who was stationed there.

"After our plans were made he ordered a man to get cocoanuts, breadfruit and bananas, and invited our boat's crew to his house. At the door we met Naomi, who gave me a silent embrace, and I kissed the babe she held in her arms. The house is built on poles stuck in the ground, roofed over with breadfruit and cocoanut leaves and floored with pebbles, the bed being only a frame with mats on it. The bedroom was partitioned off with split bamboo from the living room, which was without tables or seats and served also as a place for church meetings and a school.

"As we were returning to the boat, one of the sailors said, 'I have never seen such a sight,' and another, 'That was worth the dollar I gave to missions,' while a third remarked, 'Those who say that missionaries have easy times and do no good, do not know what they are talking about.'

"That night on board, Kekela kept us interested till midnight with an account of his experiences, when we retired, leaving him to watch on deck. As Venus, the morning star, rose in the east I rejoined him, and found him trying to direct our course close in by land, so that we might not be carried by the current far out to sea. He showed me the valley

from which they had fled to escape from savage pursuers, and other valleys full of fruit trees where people were living in concealed places.

"Soon after sunrise, as we approached our landing, we were visited by a boat's crew of friends of Kaiwi, whose well-formed bodies were tattooed and quite scant of clothing, though a chief had on a frock and pants. Saying '*Kauoha*' (*Aloha*) we welcomed them aboard.

"Omoa Valley, Island of Fatuhiwa, June 7th. This has been my first Sabbath in this land of darkness, on which God has caused his light to shine like the beautiful morning star which this month is the herald of dawn.

"On landing, soon after sunrise, we met Kaiwi, and at ten o'clock, in a house about thirty feet by twenty, entirely open on one side and paved with round stones, a morning service was conducted by the four Hawaiian missionaries. It was attended by eight of the seamen and a hundred or more Marquesans, who listened attentively and conducted themselves with proper decorum. At the communion service, which followed, six nationalities were represented, one Norwegian, one Swede, one Dane, two Americans, eight Hawaiians and one Marquesan chief, Abraham Natua.

"In the afternoon, Kaiwi and I went up the valley nearly a mile, to call on a blind man, who is favorable to the mission, but unable to get about. He lives beside a pleasant stream, embowered among

cocoanut and breadfruit trees. Over his head he keeps his coffin placed on poles, a log dug out with two carvings like heads at one end and two carvings like feet at the other.

"Toward evening the chief, Abraham Natua, called on me and told me he earnestly hoped that Kuihelani, who had obtained permission to go home on a leave of absence, would return to Marquesas to assist Kaiwi in his work in this valley of Omoa. He said that the Word of God had taken deep hold of his people, that the tabu system is being undermined, and, if not directly attacked, will soon fall.

"Puamau, Hivaoa, June 10th. Dear wife, I am now back at Kekela's, having arrived from Omoa yesterday. We ate our supper last evening of breadfruit, roasted bananas and tea, with stones for plates, only two or three spoons and no knives or forks. The name of this place, which means 'perennial flowers,' well describes it, and this morning when I awoke about three o'clock, the birds were singing sweetly overhead among the breadfruit, hibiscus, *milo* and cocoanut trees, which grow in wild romantic profusion.

"Soon after breakfast, Kauwealoha came from Hanaahi, the nearby village where the General Meeting is to be held. As I met him on the beach, he grasped my hand and wept like a child, and the same warm greeting I have received from all the missionaries.

"This afternoon Mr. Chamberlain and I started

inland with a guide to call upon the chief Mutete. After walking about a mile, we heard shouting and carousing echoing through the forest, and came upon a cleared enclosure, where we found about twenty men, apparently intoxicated, with joints of bamboo which held their liquor. To get beastly drunk they have to keep at it all day. Some of them were doubtless only feigning drunkenness, but they assumed attitudes of defiance, strutted about, bawled and raved like madmen—till suddenly most of them left off and came and shook hands with us.

“By Friday, June 12th, all the missionaries had assembled at Hanaahi, where Mr. Bicknell lived, and there, and at Kauwealoha’s station, six miles westward, they held their General Meeting.

“On the 23d, the *Morning Star* began her homeward voyage, the faithful Hawaiian missionaries sitting up all the previous night, writing letters to their loved ones at home. In the morning, after the closing session of the meeting, final preparations for departure were made. A warm embrace separated us from Kauwealoha²⁶ and his wife and we entered the boat, while they took their way back to their solitary house among the cocoanuts and breadfruit trees.

“All on board—Kekela’s boat hanging to the stern, anchors up. We were soon ploughing the waters and making castings so as to reach the end

²⁶ Kauwealoha—The sob of love.

of the island, where we were to leave Kekela, Naomi and their two children, Kaukau, his wife and ten Marquesans. When the word was given, 'Make ready, hard alee,' all was stir and confusion. The sea was rough and eighteen persons were to be let down into one whale-boat, with boxes, bundles, etc. Words were few, emotions strong. No studied speeches were made; the convulsive hand-grasp, the tender embrace and the simple *aloha*, tell of the swelling heart and suffused eye.

"The vessel has tacked, she is no longer nearing land; our friends must be thrust from us in very kindness. We hand them, one after another, down the side of the rolling ship, into the tossing boat, and soon we are retreating from the little craft with its precious freight, and our friends are bounding over the waves toward their chosen home among heathen. They go at the call of duty to brave perils, to live in houses such as they can construct and on food such as they can find in the wild Marquesas.

"Our friends are passing from our sight, we watch the gleam of their oars and strain our eyes to catch final glimpses and to know they are safe. Twilight falls and they pass from view, but we follow them with our love and sympathy."

CHAPTER XX

BACK TO THEIR NATIVE LAND AFTER NEARLY THIRTY YEARS

IN his report for 1858, after his return from the Marquesas, Mr. Emerson wrote :

“The change from a routine of missionary labors, steadily pursued for twenty-five years, to a voyage on a comfortable vessel, with new books, new society, new scenes and a new interest before me, was wonderfully stimulating. It put me into a new world and made me feel like another man, prepared for a new campaign. Like one awaking out of a dream I wondered if I could really have been in this routine for twenty-five years, with little or no change of scenery or employment. I would urge every brother missionary to seek an opportunity of leaving Hawaii, in order to rejuvenate, free from the accustomed round of duties, and visit other islands for a few months, if not practicable to visit another group or some part of the Mainland.

“I felt a strong aversion to looking again after flocks, herds and horses, as a means of family support, and hoped that the proposition made in my

report to the Finance Committee had been looked upon with favor. But I soon learned that no action was taken, so I must, *nolens volens*, look after flocks and herds, or come short in my means of support. I was for once much depressed and if family circumstances had not forbidden, I would willingly have exchanged my situation for a deep, dark valley among the heathen of Hivaoa."

But he soon gathered up his energies, this temporary depression passed, and we find him with renewed courage again studying the needs of his people, "entering on the multifarious, if not conflicting duties of my station."

His strenuous activities, and the trying emergencies he had had to meet, told on his strength, and when in 1858 the churches of Rockingham County, New Hampshire, through his brother Samuel Emerson of Moultonboro, sent to him and my mother an invitation to come home on a visit and tell them the story of their work, offering to pay all expenses, he wrote to the Secretary of the American Board and asked for a leave of absence; but this was refused, on the ground that as many were so ill that they must come home, the stronger ones must stay at their posts to carry on their work.

It was soon proven that my father had not made the request needlessly. One Sunday afternoon, on the 24th of March, 1859, he started on horseback to hold a service at a village seven miles away.

After riding about two miles he became unconscious and fell from his horse, and for over an hour lay in the road, his faithful horse standing by. When he regained consciousness, he led his horse to a friend's house not far away and rested till he could go home.

Upon learning this, the American Board realized his need of change and rest, and on February 25th, 1860, he and my mother left home, sailing from Honolulu on the 28th on the bark *Francis Palmer* for San Francisco, where they arrived after a rough but pleasant voyage of eighteen days. Their stay of almost three weeks in California marked the beginning of a wonderful tour in their fatherland, after an absence of almost thirty years. On April 5th they sailed for Panama on the steamer *Golden Gate* and reached New York on April 27th. They took greatest pleasure in visiting their friends who were still alive, and their old haunts, everywhere receiving a most cordial welcome.

An account of their experiences can be given better in their own words than in mine. In a report he made four months after his return in May, 1861, my father wrote:

"It was most timely for us both. The strain of care taken away, we felt in mind and body the renewal of depleted vigor; we each gained twenty pounds during our tour of eleven months, and I often felt much of the elasticity of youth. It was

timely for our people, they could better spare us at this time than at any other since we came among them. My son Samuel took charge of the Sunday services with evident acceptance, and in our absence we had no serious misgivings with regard to our people or our family.

“Our visit was timely in relation to our friends and relatives in America. Though many of our contemporaries whom we left nearly thirty years ago had passed away, we met their children, and were happy to know that our names had not been erased from the family roll. And it was also timely because we were still young enough to be invited into the pulpits of the land and to be listened to with unexpected interest. While absent, I made more than a hundred public addresses to Sunday congregations.”

He often spoke three or four times on Sundays and frequently on weekdays, in Canada and the Middle West, as well as in the Eastern States. Relatives, friends, clergymen and churches in many cities and towns entertained them delightfully, even bearing their travelling expenses from the time they reached Boston till they set their faces homeward.

“When we arrived in New York the way before us looked dark, but light dawned as we needed it. During the first two or three weeks we felt like people travelling in a fog, comfortable, but with no

vision ahead. This feeling soon began to wear away, though it did not leave us entirely for months.

"The general aspect of cities and towns, railroads and telegraph lines did not surprise us, nor the hurry and bustle on the streets; these were as we expected. The multitude of new occupations that have sprung up in consequence of the progress in manufactures and the arts, in new facilities for travel and transportation, is wonderful. The telegraph calls for its thousands of operators, linemen and messengers, the railroads for their tens of thousands of officials, engineers, conductors, firemen, and so forth. Salesmen, drummers, expressmen and agents of every kind make business hum. He who stands still on the sidewalk and hesitates which way to go, gets jostled and pushed aside. So the wise and the foolish rush along together, as many without as with a definite object.

"The political campaign did not exhibit in the North and West as much passion as I had expected, and more of principle. During September and October Lincoln banners spanned the streets almost everywhere, though now and then a Douglas banner was seen. Boys in the streets and cars sold miniature photographs of the candidates, and both boys and girls wore badges showing to which party they belonged. Even servants in boarding-houses had the name of Lincoln printed in capitals on their belts. The 'Wide-awakes' had frequent meetings and torchlight processions, in which members of the

churches took part, the fair daughters of the land often carrying around coffee to cheer and encourage those enlisted under their flag. Not infrequently in the West the rail-splitter with his rail and axe was represented to arouse the enthusiasm of young voters.

"I was much interested in the great improvement in the breeds of cattle in New England and the Western States, and in the evidences of industry, contentment and thrift in Canada, shown in the crops and forests, as well as in their schools, churches and enterprises of all kinds, in which one recognizes New England standards. If the South leaves the North, Canada will become one of the Northern States, if not in nationality, certainly in sympathy and to a great extent in trade.²⁷

"In my trips through the homeland I saw what seemed to me a certain laxity of family training and too many parents were leaning toward the Hawaiian policy of letting their children rule. The old Puritanical notion, 'spare the rod and spoil the child,' has lost much of its grip, and with it has gone the 'Franklin Primer,' the 'Assembly's Catechism,' and John Rogers at the stake. Sunday-schools, while doing a great deal of good, are trying to accomplish the work that the parents too often feel at liberty to neglect."

²⁷ No one in Hawaii had yet heard of the firing on Fort Sumter and the actual beginning of the Civil War, as news from the Mainland was brought only by sailing vessels.

They spent the summer in New England, constantly travelling, in order not only to visit their own relatives and friends, but also those of their associates in Hawaii. The reunion at the Dartmouth Commencement in July of the class of 1826 was a memorable one for three classmates who had been long separated, Salmon P. Chase, Rev. Dr. Constantine Blodgett of Pawtucket and my father. Dr. Blodgett told me that as they chatted together Mr. Chase, who was then Governor of Ohio, asked if any one could tell him what had become of Miss Hannah Dana, whom he used to meet and escort to parties. Dr. Blodgett quickly responded, "Yes, I can; I have the honor of being her husband."

My mother was delighted to get back to her old home in New England. She writes in July, 1860:

"How I have wished that you, dear children, could share in my enjoyment of this visit, of the springtime when the trees were in blossom and the landscape became verdant and enchanting, and the birds—just such as I used to hear—were singing. Those dear little friends of my girlhood, robins, pewees and bobolinks, have helped not a little to make me happy, and the whippoorwills which I heard one lovely evening in Chester. Then the good old-fashioned trees like the ones I used to sit under, maples, birches, beeches and oaks; and the dear granite boulders, good old sentinels, I cannot help loving them too.

"Tuesday, July 16th. We took the stage at Hillsboro Bridge for Monsonville, arriving there in the rain at 9:30 in the evening. After a short but sweet sleep we rose at 3 a. m., a beautiful morning and the glorious Fourth. As I came downstairs, your uncle, Oliver Pomeroy Newell, drove up to the door to take me to Nelson. Young hearts beat high for there was to be a grand celebration, a procession, an oration, music, dinner, toasts, addresses, etc., and all passed off well. The people were glad that we were present and were very kind.

"We stayed in Nelson ten days and the Wednesday before we left, the granite shaft, which the townspeople had ordered in memory of my dear father, was placed on the lot where he and my mother were laid to rest. It was the very spot on which had formerly stood the pulpit of the old meeting house in which for so many years he preached to them.²⁸ I wished to linger longer among the old scenes of my childhood but duty called us away. It was sadly pleasant for me to go through the rooms of my old home and see again the many familiar things, but where were the dear ones whose presence once gladdened those rooms?"

Not satisfied with only visiting New England and New York, my father left my mother with relatives

²⁸ The old meeting house which burned down was on the hill, and a new one had been built in the village below.

in October and took a trip through Canada and the Middle West. He writes:

“Quebec is very strongly fortified. Money enough is expended on the fortifications and on the support of soldiers and officers to convert the world to Christianity, or at least all Africa and the islands of the Pacific.”

From Quebec he went to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, where his classmate, Governor Chase, induced him to visit him at his home in Columbus. His experiences made a deep impression upon him and convinced him that there was a great future before our country.

In concluding his report, my father wrote:

“It was very stimulating to enjoy the fellowship and hospitality of Christians of different denominations; I met representatives of at least nine and conducted church services for seven of them. During the last thirty years the sympathy between the different denominations has notably increased and is far beyond that which existed when I was a boy.

“My conviction is strong that no missionary ought to stay in his field more than ten years without visiting his native land. By so doing he will keep in touch with the church people at home, who feel that their missionaries should come back and tell them

of their work, and he would be able to do better work for his own people on his return. This sentiment I freely advanced to Dr. Anderson, Secretary of the American Board, and I was happy to find that he endorsed it. I am sure that my brothers in Hawaii could do a great deal of good in this way."

CHAPTER XXI

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

MY father and mother arrived home from the United States in January, 1861. All had gone well during their absence. Sister Sophie, who was only eleven years old, had been with friends of my mother in Honolulu and elsewhere. Nat, Justin, Joe and I were at Punahou School, but went home to Waialua for the summer vacation in 1860. I cannot forget the methodical way Nat and Justin arranged our duties. Brother Sam was out of it, as his attention was given to church matters and Mokuleia ranch. Nat was the general referee, Justin had oversight of the cook and the kitchen, Joe attended to the poultry and pigs, and I to the horses and milk boys. For our shelling trips, which we four often took to the uplands, Justin prepared the luncheon; once he made a huge wedding cake and a generous slice of that rich compound of fruits and sweets helped out wonderfully on those delightful outings.

But radical changes soon occurred in our home life; the active boys of the two homes on the Anahulu had to separate. The Gulicks had moved to

Honolulu, and in the autumn of 1860 Nat left home to earn money for a college education. He spent six months on Baker's Island, two thousand miles south of Hawaii, where he superintended gangs of natives employed in loading clipper ships with the guano which covered it. In the summer of 1861 he went to the United States, and in the autumn entered the Sophomore class of Williams College, Massachusetts.

One after another, each took his turn at earning money for a college education. Justin, who would have gone with Nat if my father had had available means, taught for a year in the Hilo Boys' Boarding School, and entered the Junior class at Williams in 1863. Joe took up plantation life for several years, becoming the manager of Kaneohe plantation on Oahu. He came much later than the rest of us to the United States, and graduated as a civil engineer in one of the early classes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I worked for six months as a plantation overseer and entered Williams as a Sophomore in 1865. And then, though all of us lived to be much more than three score years and ten, we four brothers never met again as a quartette after Nat left the Islands in 1861.

Those were the troublous days of the Civil War in the United States and the effect was seriously felt in Hawaii. In a letter to my uncle, dated June 22, 1861, my father writes:

"All our means to help out our family support are suddenly cut off, as the whaling fleet has left the islands. Beef which sold at \$18 or \$25 per head two years ago cannot now be sold for \$10; within a few days Mr. Chamberlain has sold his whole herd of good cattle at \$3.50 per head and he threw in the calves. Samuel has slaughtered many of his poorer cattle merely for the hides, and horses cannot be given away unless they are pretty good; at present there is almost no money in the land. So we are driven into close quarters, with a heavy debt upon us for our visit to the States. Mrs. Emerson has lost the twenty pounds of flesh she gained and usually is busy eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

"As for the rest of the family, they are well, though Samuel is just recovering from the measles. Nathaniel is in good health and is over six feet tall. Justin is tall, healthy and studious; Joseph is quite a botanist and conchologist and is a good scholar. Oliver is also a good scholar but has been out of school during the past term; he is by nature our most active child. Sophie is healthy and happy, and has made some progress in the knowledge of books and music, both vocal and instrumental, though she has not yet been to school.

"We send Nathaniel from us hardly expecting to see his face again, as we see no prospect for a field of usefulness for him at the Islands and he goes to our native land at a time when the spirit of war is

raging. But war is hardly worse than slavery, and if by the sacrifice of fifty thousand white men we can get slavery rooted out of the land, it will be a worthy sacrifice. As things are, I hope we shall not have peace again till the Constitution in no way recognizes the right of man to own property in man. Apparently the right men are at the helm; better a thousand times to fight the battle now than twenty years hence, when slavery might have extended further. The Lord bless our native land and purge it of blood guiltiness, but never suffer it again to give any quarter to slavery!"

During those disastrous years we read the newspapers and letters which came to us with intense interest, and at least seventeen Island boys, four of them native Hawaiians, enlisted in the Union army and met their terrible experiences. Nat was one of them. At the President's call of 1862 for "three hundred thousand more," he enlisted as a recruit in the First Massachusetts Regiment and was almost immediately called into action. For twenty-two months he was in the service; he was wounded at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, was at the front again at Gettysburg, but was stricken with fever during the Battles of the Wilderness and left the field for the hospital. Our suspense, owing to the much delayed, irregular mails, was hard to bear.

Our most distinguished soldier was General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, afterwards founder

of Hampton Institute, whose father and mother were of the same company of missionaries as mine. Again and again the Hawaiian natives in their churches and in their homes prayed for the safe return of Sam Armstrong and Nat Emerson, their "*moopunas*," or foster children, as they often called the children of the mission.

The Civil War also brought to the Hawaiian Islands serious economic troubles. For twenty-five years or more the chief source of income had come from supplying the large whaling fleet which constantly visited the Islands, and which numbered nearly two hundred vessels in 1859. Hundreds of Hawaiians were among the sailors, who proved themselves daring and skillful and brought their wages home to their people. This also kept the markets active; there was a demand for all the farmers could raise; corn, beans, potatoes, melons, squashes and corned beef could be profitably sold. I have already quoted my father's general statement that the whaling fleet had left the Islands in 1861, but the climax was not reached till 1864 and 1865, when Captain Waddell, commander of the Confederate warship *Shenandoah*, hunted out the whale-ships, north and south. In April, 1865, after burning four whale-ships at Ponape in the Caroline Islands, he sailed north, and in June burned twenty more in the Arctic Sea. The pecuniary loss to Hawaii which followed the disorganization of the

whaling fleet was very great and business did not recover till the sugar and rice interests, after a few years, became well enough established to be profitable. As with many others, my father's resources were much reduced by these disasters.

A moral lapse among the natives was also deeply felt by the missionaries during these sad days. A gross type of the *hula* reappeared and an interest in fetishism seemed to be reviving. These two heathen practices, which worked together and sadly interfered with Christian civilization, had been frowned upon and suppressed by the missionaries, yet had been secretly kept alive in remote places and among the obdurate.

But now, as those strong men were growing old and beginning to retire from active life, there came a recrudescence of these forms of heathenism, which began to be felt forcibly during the reign of King Kamehameha V (1863-1872). His nature was tinged with heathenism, though, under the influence of wise government officials, Wylie, Harris, Phillips and others, he often supported worthy measures. Over two hundred native *kahunas* were licensed by him to carry on their arts, some of them being teachers of the *hula* as well as professed healers by their fetish practices.

If ever licentiousness had the upper hand with the Hawaiians, it was at this period and during the reign of Kalakaua (1874-1891), which was even

more corrupt. I remember the riotous sound of the *hula* drum in my boyhood; it was not, as some would believe, a call to an innocent dance. The *hula*, as I knew it to be then and in later days, made its appeal to grossness and immorality, an insidious evil which the fathers had fought. The verdict of the better class of natives was against it, for with it came intoxication and licentiousness to those of weak and loose character.

This revival of immorality added its depressing influence to the strain of those war-torn days, and my father's health suffered. In the year 1863 he had a slight stroke, and finding that he was losing his usual vigor, he began to look about for a native assistant for the Waialua church. He had already placed native pastors at Koolau, Kahuku and Waianae, and now the time had come when a man was needed to relieve him of the care of the church to which his most constant labors had been given. In his report for 1865, I read, "That this step has been taken by me with a stoical indifference cannot be reasonably imagined. Relinquishing, while not yet three score years and ten, the care of a church which I had built up and watched over for more than thirty years, has not been without deep regret."

It was a surrender of responsibility, but not of active interest. He still did much for his people in ministering to their needs, both spiritual and material, and took comfort in strengthening the hands

of the pastor, in whom he found a willing and congenial worker. He was still able to do valuable work for the Hawaiian mission, outside of his special field, and in 1865 was sent as a delegate to the mission stations in Micronesia, displaying his usual energy.

CHAPTER XXII

A TRIP TO MICRONESIA

MICRONESIA, as its name indicates, comprises a countless number of small islands lying west of the 180th meridian and north of the equator, the more westerly ones being from six to eight hundred miles from the Philippines. Most of them are in groups, and are low coral atolls, but the Ladrões and several of the Carolines are of volcanic origin and are high and fertile. The inhabitants vary widely in physical characteristics and intelligence.

The American Board of Foreign Missions, in connection with the Hawaiian Missionary Society, began in 1852 what is known as the "Micronesian Mission." Stations were established in the Central Carolines, Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and in 1865 Mr. Emerson was commissioned to visit them as a delegate, sailing again on the *Morning Star* on July 17th of that year. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Snow, American Board missionaries, returning to the Carolines, and Mr. Maka and wife, Hawaiian missionaries to the Gilbert Islands, were his fellow passengers.

A wide expanse of ocean had to be covered in

visiting the various stations. After a voyage of about three weeks the *Morning Star* arrived first, on August 10th, at the Gilbert Islands, which are the farthest east and are a group of coral atolls lying on both sides of the equator. Three stations, each on a different atoll, were visited in the Gilbert group.

I remember a description Dr. Halsey Gulick gave of one of these Micronesian atolls. "Take a soft felt hat and punch the crown down below the rim. If you could then depress the rim also in places you would have a suggestion of how the land lies in an atoll, the rim representing the land and the depressed crown the lagoon."

My father's account of Tarawa, where they first dropped anchor, confirms this description of Mr. Gulick's. He writes:

"We entered the lagoon and found ourselves apparently surrounded by a lot of small islands, which really are connected by a reef visible above water at low tide; a surprising and wonderful specimen of land making. The atoll and enclosed lagoon includes an area of about one hundred and fifty square miles, and the islets are well covered with cocoanuts and pandanus.

"The king of Tarawa is middle-aged, fat and lazy, and is said to have ten wives, one of whom has children. While we talked with him he con-

sented to everything, but he is not reliable. The schools and the meetings are not well attended and there is as yet no convert at Tarawa. The gospel does not seem to have touched the souls of the people, though there is no doubt it is a moulding power among them. The missionaries, all of them Hawaiians, are destitute of all but native foods. They have had a hard time, but wish to hold on.

"Our stay at Tarawa was a short one. Early on August 11th, the missionaries came aboard the *Morning Star* and we sailed for the island of Apaiang, where we arrived at noon. Here the General Meeting was to be held."

This is the place where Dr. Hiram Bingham, son of one of the first American Board missionaries to Hawaii, and his wife had lived and worked for about seven years, the only white missionaries in the Gilbert group. Owing to ill health, however, caused by the trying climate, they had just returned to Honolulu.

Mr. Emerson writes:

"The years of generous, patient endeavor which Mr. and Mrs. Bingham spent in the stifling heat of these low, barren islands has left a very tender and strong impression on the chiefs and people to whom they have ministered. The General Meeting was held in the parlor of their house, and we saw the evidences of their taste, skill, energy and self-denial,

though their presence was wanting to give life and animation to what they had achieved. About a hundred gathered at the church, and in the afternoon the king of Apaiang was present with his wife, and led in prayer with much propriety."

Dr. and Mrs. Bingham returned to the Gilbert Islands several times, but the unfavorable climate made it impossible for them ever to stay there long, and in 1875 they came to Honolulu to live, where they continued their labors for the Gilbertese during the rest of their lives. All the Gilbertese books were made by them. They put the language into writing, gave the people school-books, hymn-books, a translation of the Psalms and New Testament, and finally the entire Bible. They also made a dictionary of the language which, however, was never printed, because unfortunately Dr. Bingham lent it to a stranger who was passing through Honolulu, and it was never returned.

"From Apaiang we went on to Butaritari, the most northerly of the Gilberts, where a goodly number met us on Sunday at the Council House. The king of Butaritari is about twenty years old and is of commanding presence. On Monday we bought of him a good piece of land at a reasonable price for our new station, which will be in charge of Kanoa and Maka with their wives."

The Island of Butaritari has become better known through Robert Louis Stevenson, who refers with much warmth of feeling to Maka and a long visit he made him. The feeling was mutual; several years afterward Maka spoke to me of Stevenson's charming personality and of the pleasure he took in his company. "Ah, there was a man!" he said, adding, "When the time came for him to go, he took out his purse and offered to pay me, but I told him I had been more than paid by his companionship and would not take the gold." It is interesting to note the friendship between these two men, whose nationalities, careers and chosen vocations were so different.

"The population of the Gilbert Islands is about fifty thousand. The natives live in small communities and the islands are densely covered with groves of cocoanut and pandanus trees, which supply almost everything they eat, drink, wear, live in or use in any way, even their article of commerce, cocoanut oil, which they produce in large quantities and export through the traders. The soil also yields occasional *a-pe* patches, which would be destroyed by the pigs if the chiefs did not forbid their running at large. Fish is not plentiful and is high priced. This scantiness of food should be realized in supplying for the missionaries, who look lean and ill-fed, one of them making decided gain in flesh and energy after being aboard the *Morning Star* a few days."

Dr. Bingham told me that there is hardly enough herbage on these islands to keep a goat active and butting, and that he had to import soil from elsewhere to make even tomato plants grow.

“Leaving the Gilbert group August 22d, the *Morning Star* sailed northward to the Marshall Islands, reaching Mille Lagoon of that group on Friday the 25th. It is estimated that there are from five hundred to one thousand people on this atoll which is composed of more than fifty islets—none of them more than a quarter of a mile wide—which stretch for seventy-five miles around a lagoon that can be entered through several channels. There is little to be found for food here except fish, small-sized cocoanuts, a large kind of pandanus and jack-fruit. Mille is about six degrees north of the equator.

“The Marshall Islanders are among the boldest and most intelligent navigators of the Pacific. They are not only skillful, like other islanders, in braiding mats, hats, fans, etc., but with a hand loom they make beautiful fabrics from banana, hibiscus and other fibres. The people appear to be docile and profess to be Christians, but very few know much more than that those of that name treat them well in their trade.”

From Mille the *Morning Star* passed on to Jaluit, touching there at the principal port of the Mar-

shalls, and thence to Ebon, landing at the principal missionary station of the group. This station was established in 1857, and was at first, for a few years, in the charge of Mr. Edward T. Doane, later in that of Mr. and Mrs. Snow, and recently for several months had been under the care of Aea, a Hawaiian teacher and a fine man. My father was much impressed by the progress that the schools of Ebon had made.

After visiting one more missionary station of the Marshall Islands, on Namarik, the *Morning Star*, on September 2d, sailed westward for the Central Carolines, on a long cruise of over six hundred miles with baffling winds and tides, and arrived, on September 18th, at Ponape.

“Ponape is a beautiful volcanic island, surrounded by a lagoon, beyond which is a coral reef. It is the largest and most fertile island of Micronesia, and some day may have a large population. There is no dearth of food, the waters teem with fish and everything planted seems to grow with surprising rapidity and almost without cultivation—cocoanuts, breadfruit, sugar cane, yams, bananas, oranges, coffee and cotton. Yet the field is a hard one for the missionaries. Owing to the mountainous character of the island and to the shoals, lagoon, streams and impassable jungles, travel is very difficult excepting by boat, and even by boat at low tide.

“There are five tribes on the island, and the chiefs

are not united, the principal one being a lawless, cruel autocrat, so the conditions are still more difficult. Some of the foreigners, moreover, seem to think that Ponape is outside the moral world, and not concerned with the decalogue, a paradise for the godless. But Christian truth has reached Ponape and is affecting it. Mr. Sturges has been permitted to remain and the work of reform is progressing in every part of the island. *Awa*, the drink which formerly worked ruin among the people, is now discarded by all but a few, and more than half the rulers and an equally large proportion of the common people are adherents of the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Doane have come to the help of the Sturgeses at the right time."

Mr. Emerson gives an interesting account of a trip of several days he made going around Ponape in a flat-bottomed boat with Mr. Sturges and Mr. Doane. Each night they were entertained by some friendly *wajai*, or chief, and meetings were held with the faithful, hospitable followers.

They kept all the way in the lagoon which averages a mile and a half wide.

"But sometimes the channel was so narrow, the overhanging trees so dense and wild, it was dark and desolate; and then the widening view would disclose a beautiful expanse of blue water with islands here and there and landward mountains and

rocky headlands. I was much impressed by the vast extent of shoal water lying between the island and the barrier coral reef. At low tide most of the great flats are exposed and are an abundant feeding ground for fish, turtle and shellfish of every description.

“On Saturday, the third day, at ten o'clock, the tide having risen enough to permit us to pass over the shoals, we began our winding way around a high bluff and came in sight of a distant mountain meeting-house.

“At about noon we arrived at the Council House of Aoumtal, a friendly young chief, and although it was raining and had rained most of the time since we left Mr. Sturges's house, we found many people assembling, bringing sugar cane, bananas, bread-fruit and yams for our supplies. After a short stay and a service we went on, and late in the afternoon reached the landing of the *wajai* of the prominent Metalanim tribe. A thousand feet above us, high up on the table land, was the meeting-house which had long been in sight. With our valises and stores we began to climb through tropical groves, finding mountain streams of pure water; and although our clothing had been wet for nearly three days and two nights, we took a bath in one of them before going to the *wajai's* house. At the bountiful supper, the *wajai*, unlike the chiefs we had met before, declined to do the honors of the table, giving place to Mr. Sturges.

"The next day was Sunday, and at earliest dawn we were awakened by the birds and found ourselves in almost a jungle of trees, with birds of various plumage flitting about. As was the case in the early days at Waialua, a shell was blown for morning prayers which were held in the church, as the house of the *wajai* is tabu to the common people.

"Though the rain was still falling, over one hundred came to the morning service and many listened with evident interest. The women washed their feet at the door of the church before entering. This people, only a few years ago in the deepest heathenism, now come miles upon miles in their canoes and climb a hill of a thousand feet or more in the rain, to listen to the word of God. In the Sunday-school the *wajai* taught his class with dignity and interest.

"On Monday morning as we were leaving, many followed us down the mountain, some with presents and all with their '*ranman*' (*aloha*). The *wajai* went with us in his canoe to Shelong, where we visited the place formerly occupied by Dr. Halsey Gulick, now rather neglected. Here we took leave of the *wajai*, as he was reluctant to go further lest he should meet an enemy, and making our way without sails we got back to Mr. Sturges's home before ten o'clock at night."

On the third of October the *Morning Star* left Ponape and started on her return voyage, arriving on the fifth at Kusaie of the Caroline group and

remaining five days. Kusaie, though much smaller than Ponape, is one of the most interesting islands of Micronesia. The climate is healthful. Its mountain peaks, which are thickly wooded, attain an altitude of two thousand three hundred feet, and a belt of fertile soil extends along the shore.

My father writes:

"The men and women of Kusiae are of small stature, the women having handsome features, and I have found no people in Micronesia that can compare with them in intelligence. The first thing that strikes the stranger is their calmness and lack of excitability. They speak a language different from any known in Micronesia. Mr. Snow, who is the only living man who has thoroughly studied it, has translated parts of the New Testament and some hymns, and has made a primer and other books which are faithfully and profitably used. Though three years ago he left these islanders reluctantly in order to assist the mission at Ebon, and they have since been without a pastor excepting when he has paid them an annual visit of about a month, this little band of Christians, with Kutuku as their leader, a man of more than ordinary attainments, appears to be more mature, more straightforward and Christ-like than any I have found.

"They receive no help from their king, and he claims no share in their devotion to Christ. Yet in answer to questions I put to him in his palace, he

said, 'These Christians are the most loyal, industrious and truthful of all my people and I hope yet to join them. I have forsaken my old god of storms and seasons, and am searching for a true God.' Their loyalty to Mr. Snow is very touching, and sea captains often speak of the great improvement in the character of this lovable people, who, on their beautiful island, must not lack our watchful care."

My father writes that in the schools there were one hundred and twenty-five pupils between five and twenty-five years of age, many of them mothers with babes. In later years this island became an educational centre. Training schools for Marshall and Gilbert Island boys and girls were established between 1879 and 1882, both of which have done valuable work under devoted teachers for many years.

On October 11th, the *Morning Star* left Kusaie on her homeward voyage. After spending nearly four weeks visiting Nauru, or Pleasant Island, which is near the equator, and revisiting the Marshall Islands stations, she started, on November 6th, on her final tack, and arrived at Honolulu December 13th, 1865.

During the tour of five months she had dropped anchor nineteen times, had lain off and on at anchorless stations eight times and had sailed about ten thousand miles.

CHAPTER XXIII

CARRYING ON

MY father found a small family on his return from Micronesia. Only Sam and Sophie were at home with mother. Nat was at the Harvard Medical School, Boston, where Justin joined him in the autumn. Joe had a position on the Onomea Sugar Plantation, Hawaii, and I was a sophomore at Williams College.

My father was by nature vigorous, physically and mentally; he could think and act quickly and meet issues bravely, face times of trouble with calmness, and danger with courage, keenly alive to the work of rescue. I never knew his nerve to fail.

Once he won the heart of a burly Portuguese cowboy by saving him from being gored by a fierce steer which he was trying to hold by a rope. There was only a single turn of the rope around a tree toward which the steer must be drawn to be tethered. The mad, pawing brute kept pulling out the rope and getting nearer and nearer the man. My father saw the danger, jumped to the rescue, caught hold of the rope and together the two men overcame the steer's power. Yet his sharp horns almost

reached them as with all their strength they finally pulled him back and made the rope fast.

My father's powers were versatile, and in connection with his duties as pastor, preacher, teacher, physician, and public-spirited citizen and leader, he carried on an extensive correspondence, writing many detailed reports, many letters of private as well as of public nature, and occasional articles for publication. While at Lahainaluna, as I have stated, he made the first English-Hawaiian dictionary of fifteen thousand words, which was for many years used in the school.

But the two strokes he had in 1859 and 1863 affected this unusual vigor. In one of my mother's letters, written in March, 1867, I find, however, "He was in his usual health and spirits, making those around him happy by his cheerfulness and doing good to all who came under his influence."

The evening of the 22d of March he spent pleasantly with his family and expected to make an early start for Honolulu the next morning. During the night he had a third stroke, which rendered him unconscious, and after lingering four days, speechless, and apparently without pain, the end came, undoubtedly hastened at the age of sixty-seven by his laborious life.

The white men of the neighborhood whom he had so befriended, came at once to my mother's aid, and it was they who bore his body to the church and to the grave for the final services, while the natives

followed. Dr. Samuel C. Damon in an editorial in *The Friend*, said, "We know not how more appropriate honor and respect could have been shown him."

I think my father's life carried out and honored the commission given by Dr. Samuel Worcester to the first missionaries sent to Hawaii. "You are not to be limited to a low, narrow scale, but you are to open your hearts wide and set your mark high. You are to aim at nothing less than covering those islands with fruitful fields and pleasant dwellings, with schools and churches, and of raising up the whole people to an elevated state of Christian civilization."

In a letter to her brother in Nelson telling him of her great loss, my mother wrote, "It was hard to part—it was like cutting my very heart-strings—I am walking in a new path—my once full house seems desolate. Yet I love to be here, even though the strong, kind arm which I so long leaned upon is gone."

This bereft wife loved her home and wished still to be of service. Her almost empty house she kept open to those who needed her help or hospitality, doing all she could for the community and entertaining many friends who came to rest and to enjoy the thoughtful ministry of one who never seemed to weary of well-doing.

Many changes came to the district of Waialua during her service of twenty-one additional years

as its missionary. Not long after my father's death a new neighbor started a sugar plantation, and fields which had been simply cattle pastures were ploughed and planted with sugar cane. This was the nucleus of the present great plantation of the Waialua Agricultural Company.

My mother was especially interested in the Waialua Boarding School for native girls, which was opened in 1865 in the Gulick home and carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Orramel H. Gulick, our lifelong friends, until 1870. The Gulick family is widely distinguished as a family of missionaries who have rendered valuable service in foreign lands as well as at home. Mrs. Orramel H. Gulick, now the oldest "child of the mission," is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, whose hospitality and generous assistance were so much appreciated by my father and mother at the beginning of their life in Hawaii. The school was called by the natives *Hale Iwa*, and in the spring of 1871, Miss Mary Green took charge.

I can speak only in terms of admiration of this finely trained warm-hearted woman who thus became a near neighbor just at the time that my mother needed her cheering and gracious presence. Her knowledge of Hawaiian character and her devotion to the native people is well known, and she proved a rare companion, finding in turn in my mother a wise and sympathetic counselor and friend.

In 1881 Miss Green returned to her home at Makawao, Maui, and the letters from her to my mother which I have found are full of evidences of this strong friendship.

She writes:

"Makawao, June 19, 1882. Dear Auntie Emerson: It does seem delightful to talk to you and imagine your loving eyes turned toward mine. Do you miss me? I can truly say I miss you, and I want to tell you how grateful I am that you were so near by to comfort and help me through that '*Hale Iwa*' life of nearly eleven years. It is fifty years since you came to Hawaii—a long time, a lifetime, but you have the joy of thinking that your labors have not been in vain."

"October 18, 1882. This morning I found a pile of letters—yours doubly welcome. I greatly enjoyed the account of your stay in town, of Sophie's wedding gifts, and of all that company after you reached home. I say now, just as I have always said, that one's strength is equal to one's day—and you have a remarkable faculty for getting along with it all and bearing up. You say that you are well and wish you could do more for others. Please forgive the smile which comes to my eyes, for it seems to me that you are doing for others to the full extent of your powers, and have been doing so all your life."

"December 11, 1882. Four days ago I was fifty-two years old. A year ago, when I was at Waialua, you gave me the assurance of your warm regard, and although I am not now near enough to hear your gentle voice, I know that you must have remembered the day and that a loving prayer went up for blessings on my head. It is a precious privilege I enjoy in realizing that I have a place in your big, motherly heart."

Such words of appreciation from a woman like Miss Green must have been a benediction to my mother, and are a tribute to be cherished.

In 1877 Joe received an appointment on the Hawaiian Government Survey, and in 1878 Nat, who for ten years had been a practicing physician in New York City, was requested by the Government to return to Hawaii, in order to more fully develop the work of segregating and treating the lepers of the Islands. He spent weeks at a time at the leper settlement on the island of Molokai for this purpose, studying the disease, and later became the President of the Hawaiian Board of Health.

Joe and Nat frequently visited mother at Waialua, Sam and Sophie being with her in the old home. In 1882 Sophie married Samuel Mann and died in 1883 when she gave birth to a baby girl.

At that time Justin was a specialist in nervous diseases in Detroit, Michigan, and I was pastor of

the Congregational Church at Peace Dale, Rhode Island. In 1888 I received a call to become the Secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, which worked in conjunction with the American Board, and I reached Honolulu just after my mother's death, which occurred November 24th, 1888.

The Sunday previous she was in her accustomed place at church with her Bible class, and she was active up to the last day of her life. God took her in the night into the light of an eternal day. Dr. Sereno Bishop wrote in an obituary in *The Friend*: "Among the more obvious traits of Mrs. Emerson's very lovely character were a patient fidelity to duty and great gentleness toward others." For her epitaph, Brother Nat rightly chose the lines, "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

An arch of native stone now spans the entrance of the Waialua Churchyard, and as we approach it we read on the bronze tablet in both Hawaiian and English:

E Hoomanao
I na makua o ka Ekalesia
Ma Waialua Nei
Reverend John S. Emerson
a me
Ursula S. N. Emerson

In Memory of
The Founders of the Church
In Waialua
Reverend John S. Emerson
and
Ursula S. N. Emerson
1832
1867 1888

It was Judge Archie Mahaulu, son of their faithful retainers, who in 1910 conceived the idea of this memorial, raised the necessary funds, and carried the work to a successful completion.

As we pass under the arch, our attention is drawn toward a large boulder placed near a number of headstones. On it is inserted another bronze tablet, executed by Augustus and Louis Saint-Gaudens, and around the cross, finely modeled in low relief, we read the dates of the birth and death of the founders, and the following:

“This Waialua Mission was established by them in MDCCCXXXII and here with one interval, MDCCCXLII – MDCCCXLVI, passed at Lahainaluna School, Maui, they lived and labored for their beloved Hawaiian people.”

The two homes, which through the foliage once peeped across the Anahulu at each other, and which

then were full of stirring life, are no longer to be seen—only bare foundations remain—and the story of the men who there received their early training, of their sons and grandsons, attaches itself to other homes and other scenes.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LEPER SETTLEMENT AT MOLOKAI

THE progress that has been made in Hawaii towards the cure of leprosy is one of the important accomplishments of science of this century.

Since 1864 leprosy, named by the Hawaiian natives *mai pake* (Chinese disease), has been a sad affliction of the beautiful islands, though much less common than is generally imagined, not more than one thousand patients having ever been segregated at one time at the settlement on the island of Molokai. Of the present population of the Islands which numbers three hundred thousand, not more than five hundred are under the ban, and this number is lessened each year.

This is due to the investigations of physicians and scientists in their efforts for many years to stamp out the disease and to the use of chaulmoogra oil. Since 1905 the work has been conducted under the auspices of the National and Territorial Governments, and since 1916 the active element of this oil, through chemical processes carried on in the laboratories of the University of Hawaii, has been ex-

tracted and prepared under the direction of Dr. H. T. Hollman, who was in charge of the leprosy receiving station at Honolulu, and Dr. A. L. Dean, President of the University and professor of chemistry. The treatment has been much more effective and, excepting in advanced cases, curative. In fact, there are very few, if any, cases now sent to Molokai, for the disease is taken in its incipient stages and cured at the hospital of the receiving station at Honolulu.

The only practicable approach to the leper settlement, which is located on a promontory backed by almost impassable precipices over a thousand feet high, is by steamer. I visited it several times while Secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions and conducted services in the two Protestant churches supported by that body.

On my first visit, I think in 1889, I found the small church full and people standing at the door and windows. As I went up the aisle and came down after the service, friendly hands were extended to greet me and I responded with my hands gloved. I reported the incident to my bother, Dr. Nathaniel B. Emerson, then President of the Board of Health, who told me I had violated the regulations and cautioned me to be more careful.

On my next visit I remembered his caution and in closing the service I expressed my deep sympathy for my afflicted friends, who not only were the victims of disease and one which separated them from

their kindred, but were denied the comfort of a friendly shake of the hand. As I passed down the aisle, heads were bowed and I saw eyes filled with tears, but not a hand was extended to express farewell.

The main difficulty at this time was the lack of understanding and lack of coöperation of the native Hawaiians in the matter of segregation. Instinctively they shrank from breaking up their family life.

If a person became a leper his family usually concealed him, and the Government found it necessary to appoint in each district a physician to search out the leper suspects and, with the aid of the sheriff, to take charge of having them sent to the receiving station at Honolulu. In certain instances the opposition was violent. I recall two well-known cases which occurred more than thirty years ago.

A native Hawaiian of the island of Kauai named Koolau became a leper and in order to avoid being sent to the Molokai settlement sought concealment in the remote, inaccessible, deep valley of Kalalau on the precipitous western end of the island, taking his wife and child with him.

The small settlement in the canyon had for many years been sought by others as a refuge till there were nearly thirty lepers there, much to the discomfort of the seventy-four healthy natives whose home it was and whose lives were thus risked. Their property was depredated and their water flow con-

taminated. In July, 1893, Deputy Sheriff Louis H. Stolz of Waimea was zealous to accomplish the removal of these defiant lepers, but in the attempt was shot dead by Koolau.

The Government then sent from Honolulu about fifty of the militia and police to assist in enforcing the law, and in time all the lepers gave themselves up excepting Koolau who, after shooting two of the soldiers as they were attempting to dislodge him from his fastnesses, finally escaped from the valley with his wife and child and never was found, although a reward of a thousand dollars was offered for his capture.

Another case was that of Dr. Jared K. Smith, a beloved Government physician of Koloa, Kauai, who decided that a certain Hawaiian woman and her little girl must report at Honolulu as leper suspects. Kaeo, a part Malay, and the father of the child, and his three sons, decided that Dr. Smith must be killed. One night at about ten o'clock Dr. Smith heard a knock at his door. After enquiring who was there and being answered by a cough, he opened the door and was immediately shot through the heart by one of the accomplices.

Several years previous my brother narrowly escaped while following the same line of duty. The Government employed a certain number of healthy natives as attendants or nurses to those afflicted with the disease at the settlement, frequently one of the family of some patient.



Napali Coast, Island of Kauai
The Cliffs of Kalalau, towering over 2,000
feet above the sea

A man whose wife had been sent there wished to serve in this capacity, but there was no vacancy and Dr. Emerson could not grant his request. The man came to his office several times to plead his case and the last time it was noticed that he held his right hand behind him. Dr. Emerson could not change his decision. The man started to raise his hand, but a clerk who was behind him seized the loaded pistol he was holding just in time.

The Territorial Government houses and feeds the patients at the settlement and this is generously supplemented by private individuals or agencies.

There are two villages about a mile and a half apart, Kalawao and Kalaupapa, and at each are a Protestant and a Catholic church. At Kalawao there is a large industrial school for boys, the Baldwin Home, founded by Henry P. Baldwin, who was one of Hawaii's leading citizens, and at Kalaupapa there is a similar one for girls. Brother Dutton, who was in charge of the Baldwin Home for many years, is a noble old man, and the Sisters of Charity, who had the care of the school and home for girls, and whom I visited many years ago, were beautiful characters. They all consecrated their lives to their work.

A leper may be physically active, for the disease develops slowly and at certain stages without pain. The settlement has its own brass band and its own baseball teams. I have seen many riding horseback and cultivating their gardens.

An interest in the welfare of the patients is felt throughout the Islands, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas special steamers are despatched from Honolulu loaded with gifts to make them happy.

It was a part of my duty to settle pastors over the Protestant churches. One day a school teacher of the island of Kauai, named Naeole, came to my office to tell me that his wife had become a leper and had been taken to the Molokai settlement. Would it be possible for him to prepare for the ministry, become a candidate as a pastor of one of the churches there and in that way take care of her? Of course I gave my assent and in due time he received the appointment and filled the position acceptably for several years. It was some time after her death that he called on me again in Honolulu with a fine-looking Hawaiian woman. She had been working at the settlement as a nurse in order to take care of her husband who also had died, and now these two faithful ones wished to marry each other.

Another episode occurs to me in connection with the leper settlement. A fine Belgian Catholic missionary, Father Conrady, while serving in Northwestern United States, heard of Father Damien's work at Molokai among the lepers and joined him as his assistant, nursing him when he had the disease, administering the final rites at his death and ministering to the lepers afterwards.

One day I received a letter from him asking me if I would send him some Bibles in the Hawaiian

language. "My people are worshipful in prayer and song," he wrote, "but lacking in obedience to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures." I readily granted his request and in my letter addressed him as "My dear Brother." In his reply he wrote, "You call me brother and so we are in our Christian endeavors." Thereafter we were warm friends.

After Father Damien's death he was most anxious to continue his work at Molokai, but the position was controlled by the Jesuit order and they wished to appoint another Jesuit. Heartbroken he came to Honolulu, where Mr. Frank W. Damon, the devoted missionary to the Chinese, suggested his going to Canton, where leprosy was very prevalent and government aid very inadequate.

He went to Canton and found thousands of lepers crowded in miserable huts and his efforts to get suitable aid from the Catholic Church in Canton or from the Chinese government, failed. Realizing that the first necessity of the lepers was for medical treatment, he decided to return to San Francisco and study medicine. After finishing his course of study he returned to Belgium to raise money for his mission, thence coming back to America where he travelled from Quebec to New Orleans making his appeal.

I had not seen him for years but happening to be in Boston when he visited that city, it was my privilege to vouch for his noble character. He told me that the settlement at Molokai was a little Paradise

compared with what he had seen in China. I remember hearing him say at one meeting, "If I were to consider my physical feelings, I would rather be hanged by the neck till I was dead than face again the conditions of the lepers in Canton, but," he added, placing his hand on his heart, "my heart will not permit me to desert these unfortunate ones."

As soon as he had collected enough funds he returned to China and after working among more than six hundred lepers he founded a settlement on an island forty miles from Canton. I received letters from him occasionally, but after a few years they ceased to come and I heard that this saintly man had gone to his rest.

CHAPTER XXV

HAWAII IN LATER DAYS

THE story of Hawaii in later days is one of unexpected political changes and industrial development. For nearly thirty years, since August 12, 1898, Hawaii has been a territory of the United States. How did this happen? What brought about the change?

Looking back a hundred years to the second quarter of the nineteenth century, we find that during the reign of Kamehameha III both Englishmen and Frenchmen tried by various intrigues to take possession of the islands for their governments, though usually without proper authority. But Kamehameha III in government matters was much influenced by the missionaries and their associates, taking them into his counsel. These foreign intrigues were parried, and in 1843 the independence of the Hawaiian Islands was definitely acknowledged by England, France and the United States. The little kingdom could not remain independent indefinitely, however. It was destined to become in time annexed either by conquest or by colonization to some one of the great powers.

As early as 1853 and 1854 there was an agitation by Californian filibusterers in favor of annexation to the United States, which was opposed by the missionaries and others who had at heart the best interests of the kingdom. As years went on, however, in order to safeguard the stability of the Government and its commercial interests, a closer relation with the United States was more and more favored.

The downfall of royal sovereignty in 1893 came not through conquest by a foreign power, nor by foreign exploitation, but because of the faults of Hawaii's own rulers. It came about as Alexander foretold, when he wrote in 1891 on the last page of his "History of the Hawaiian People": "The only dangers of this kingdom are from within and not from without."

In reviewing the reigns of the Kamehamehas it will be found that with all their faults they were loyal to what they considered the good of their subjects. I have referred to the superior character of Kamehameha I, and to the advantages that came to the people through the united government he established.

His son Kamehameha III gave them a liberal constitution and fee simple titles to their homesteads, which lifted them from peonage to freedom and citizenship. He also established out of his own estate a public domain, and led the chiefs to add to it from their estates, out of which many thrifty natives were enabled to enlarge their small holdings

at slight expense. These notable acts the people never forgot, repaying the King with their love and loyalty.

Kamehameha IV and his Queen established the Queen's Hospital, which has dispensed untold benefits to the native people and to many others. King William Lunalilo, the last of the Kamehamehas, who died in 1874, after a reign of only about a year, provided in his will for a home for poor, infirm and aged natives, called to this day Lunalilo Home.

To assist them in their difficulties these kings selected able, wise men as their officers of state, calling to their aid such men as Dr. G. P. Judd, R. C. Wyllie, William Richards, Richard Armstrong, Chief Justice W. L. Lee and others of note.

In 1874 King Kalakaua was elected to the throne, and at first he also chose men of character and ability as his advisors. It was during this period, in 1876, soon after his return from a visit to the United States, that the treaty of reciprocity of trade was at last effected, which greatly stimulated the sugar industry and was of great advantage to the Islands.

But soon Kalakaua wearied of virtue and, with his self-centred ambition and lack of moral stamina, he drew around him counselors and associates without high purpose or self-restraint, consorting with ill-advised agents, chief of them all, the notorious W. M. Gibson, whose unscrupulous policies as prime

minister proved tragic in their effect upon the King's conduct and rule.

This man so outraged decent people that in 1887 a committee of determined citizens, members of a recently organized reform party, called "The Hawaiian League," waited on the King and demanded the dismissal of Gibson and a return to the more liberal constitution of Kamehameha III. The King was given a certain number of hours in which to decide what he would do, and wisely decided to make the changes demanded. A more liberal constitution was granted, and the unprincipled premier, who suffered dismissal, fled to the Mainland to escape the wrath of the people.

During the latter part of his reign, not only did Kalakaua make the mistake of gathering about him officials and counselors who were untrustworthy schemers, he became the victim of his foolish ambitions and of his vicious passions. He favored a State Church subject to his control, he encouraged *kahunaism*, posing himself as head *kahuna*; his society of the "*Hale Naua*" was a disgrace to his court, and his patronage of the *hula* lowered it yet further as an indecent show.

On Kalakaua's death, early in 1891, Liliuokalani came to the throne, reviving the hopes of many. She appeared to be virtuous, apparently none of the flagrant, glaring immoralities which had disgraced her brother's reign were practiced in her court. She seemed refined and interested in philanthropic move-

ments; she cultivated music and composed many songs. Before long, however, it appeared that politically she coveted autocratic power with an even bolder daring than her brother, and in 1892 she showed a determination to put into her cabinet only men who would follow her directions. She was forced, however, to form a cabinet of men of high standing, but it proved to be short-lived, for early in 1893, while several members of the Reform Party were absent, she got her subservient legislators to vote the members of this able cabinet out of office and immediately appointed a new one satisfactory to herself. At the same time she got passed a bill permitting the introduction of opium, a ruinous measure to thousands of Chinese resident in the Islands; and another to give a franchise to the notorious Louisiana Lottery, which had been banished from the United States. It was reported that she was promised an annual subsidy of \$500,000 for the passage of this bill and her signature to it.

She had ready a new autocratic constitution which she had had drawn up some time before, in which she annulled the election of the Upper House of the Legislature, and substituted the royal prerogative to appoint its members. She had also inserted a clause taking the franchise from white men not married to native women.

On the morning of January 14, 1893, she appeared in the Government Building and prorogued the Legislature. I remember well the occasion.

She was dressed in a gorgeous lavender silk robe with pages bearing its long train and with every appurtenance to impress her royal authority. After this ceremony she retired to the Throne Room of the Palace where she met her cabinet and demanded their signature to the new Constitution. But they were afraid to sign it, and the Chief Justice also refused. Angered at them for their persistent refusal a stormy session of several hours ensued. She appealed to the excited crowd of natives gathered in the Throne Room and around the Palace, before which the entire military force of the kingdom was drawn up in line, but finally she was obliged to retire defeated.

Her high-handed attitude and these obnoxious measures, which would prove so disastrous to the nation, were too much for the Reform Party to tolerate, for the leaders were honorable white men, most of them born in Hawaii, loyal sons of the soil, with the rights of citizenship and a sense of responsibility for the nation.

Large meetings of those who sympathized with them were held, and a Committee of Public Safety of thirteen men was appointed and authorized to formulate a course of action that would "secure the permanent maintenance of law and order." There was a wide-spread feeling that the Queen could not be trusted any longer, notwithstanding a manifesto which she and her cabinet, alarmed at the proceedings of the Reform Party, issued on the morning of

Monday, the 16th, which promised that no more illegal changes in the Constitution would be attempted.

Within three days it was decided that the monarchy must come to an end. A Provisional Government was established with Judge Sanford B. Dole at its head, and volunteer troops were raised to protect the new government, if necessary.

During the crisis, late in the afternoon of January 16th, the United States Minister, John L. Stevens, ordered marines from the cruiser *Boston* to be landed to protect the lives and property of American citizens. The Queen held that they were landed to protect the revolutionists, and though within two days she and her cabinet surrendered the Palace, the police and the royal military force, together with her authority, to the Provisional Government, she did it under protest and appealed to the United States Government to restore her to the throne, immediately sending agents to Washington to present her claims.

At the same time the Provisional Government sent five commissioners to Washington empowered to negotiate a treaty of annexation, which they drew up and signed in February, 1893. President Harrison submitted it to the United States Senate for approval, but no immediate action was taken, and on March 4, 1893, President Cleveland was inaugurated.

The special commissioner, James H. Blount, who was sent by Cleveland to Hawaii during the summer to investigate the matter, made a report which was unfavorable to the revolutionists, with the result that a new minister, Albert S. Willis, was sent to Hawaii in November, 1893, to try to reinstate Liliuokalani. Mr. Dole protested against this interference, emphatically denied the truth of the charges made in Mr. Blount's report and declined to restore the throne to the Queen, although she finally agreed to grant full pardon to the revolutionists and to maintain the liberal constitution of 1887, if she were reinstated. As Cleveland had no authority to use force, and it was known that Congress did not support him in the matter, the United States Government took no further action.

As Cleveland had withdrawn the annexation treaty from the Senate, legal measures were taken by the Hawaiian Government by which, on July 4, 1894, the constitution of a new government, that of the Republic of Hawaii, was proclaimed to supersede the Provisional Government, with Mr. Dole as President.

Although Liliuokalani and her supporters did not at once give up the struggle, and planned an insurrection in 1895, it was frustrated by the Hawaiian Government. Finally, during that year she sent a letter to President Dole in which she abdicated and renounced all her claims to the throne, soon after

signing the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Hawaii.²⁹

It has often been said that Hawaii never had a fairer, cleaner, more economical administration than during this period. President Dole's warm feeling for the Hawaiians, which was reciprocated, is well known. He never failed to appoint a native Hawaiian to office where it was practicable.

In 1896 William McKinley, the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was elected. Soon after his inauguration, in June, 1897, a new treaty of annexation of Hawaii was signed and submitted to the Senate with a message from the President favoring it. A majority of the Senators voted for it, but it did not receive the necessary two-thirds vote and no action could be taken.

Then came the war between the United States and Spain. Admiral Dewey took possession of Manila Bay and troops were despatched from San Francisco. Instead of remaining neutral Hawaii offered the use of her harbors and other facilities. The possession of naval outposts in the Pacific was felt to be important, and the value of the Hawaiian Islands for these purposes was realized. Moreover, when the ships stopped at Honolulu for coaling, the boys were warmly and generously entertained and

²⁹ Queen Liliuokalani died in gracious old age in 1917, after living for years as a loyal citizen of the United States. In this she was a helpful example to her race. She left most of her property as a fund to be used in building orphanages.

the sympathy of Hawaii for the United States was more than ever evident.

When therefore it was suggested that annexation might be brought about by a joint resolution of the two houses of Congress, which required only a majority vote in each house, the treaty was passed and signed by President McKinley on July 7, 1898.

The sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands was transferred to the United States on August 12, 1898, the ceremony taking place in front of the Executive Building, formerly the Royal Palace. Amid the smiles and tears of a multitude of citizens the Hawaiian flag was slowly lowered, the Stars and Stripes were raised and Hawaii as a Territory became an integral part of the United States. That was thirty years ago, and Hawaii's status should be well understood. Hawaii is not a colony but a Territory, only one step removed from statehood. In 1924 Congress passed a bill according to her the same rights as the states in various general appropriations. This is as it should be, for she now stands twelfth among the fifty states and territories of the Union in the returns she makes to the Federal Treasury.

The story of the industrial development of Hawaii is as noteworthy as that of its change of government. Various industries suitable to the fertile soil have been tried with varying success, but the extent and success of the sugar and pineapple industries have far exceeded all others.

The making of sugar was for many years a struggling industry, due largely to the United States tariff and lack of laborers. It was, however, so evidently a suitable industry for the Islands that it was persistently pushed, and the amount annually raised slowly increased. During the Civil War in the United States, from 1860 to 1864, the sugar and rice industries were greatly stimulated, as the supply from the Southern States was cut off from the North. Prices became so high that sugar and rice could be profitably raised in Hawaii and shipped to the Mainland, notwithstanding the high tariff. But from what source could the planters secure the necessary laborers?

There were not enough available Hawaiians, and only three or four hundred Chinese had been brought to the Islands. The problem was a serious one, and in 1865, during the reign of Kamehameha V, Dr. William Hillebrand was sent to the Orient for the purpose of securing labor. South Sea islanders akin to the Hawaiians were favored by the Government, but the effort to secure them in any considerable numbers failed.³⁰

³⁰ The native Hawaiians are not an indolent race, but they never have been conscious of a struggle for existence, and so never have realized nor been trained to the necessity for persistent monotonous labor. Between 1840 and 1860 they were in great demand as seamen on the whale-ships; and in 1846 the Minister of the Interior reported that about three thousand, or one-fifth of the young Hawaiian men between the ages of fifteen and thirty, were at sea or in foreign lands, a great loss to the nation, which was felt for years.

Dr. Hillebrand carefully selected five hundred Chinese coolies who, with many others who followed voluntarily during the next twenty-five years, proved to be valuable laborers and gave a great impetus to the sugar industry.³¹

After the close of the war, when more sugar was available in the United States the price decreased, and the problem to the Hawaiian planters of making their industry profitable was again a very serious one. Twice during the previous ten years efforts had been made to secure a treaty of reciprocity with the United States, but had failed. Another attempt was made in 1867 and 1868, but again it was defeated in the Senate, and it was not till 1875 that a treaty was ratified, which went into effect in September, 1876. From that time on the sugar industry in Hawaii steadily developed, notwithstanding the fact that at certain periods for over twenty years, till annexation in 1898, there were fears in Hawaii that the reciprocity treaty might be abrogated. It was greatly strengthened in 1887 by an agreement with the United States Government that that nation should be given "the exclusive right to enter the harbor of Pearl River on Oahu, and to establish and

³¹ The immigration of the Chinese to Hawaii has been a success. They have responded to the kindly treatment they have met. They are good workers on the plantations as in all branches of service, and are excellent husbands when married to Hawaiian women. The Chinese-Hawaiian children are a good stock, with Chinese intelligence and Hawaiian graciousness.

maintain there a coaling and repair station for the use of the United States vessels."

From about the time of the ratification of the reciprocity treaty in 1876, to 1890, the annual exportation of sugar from Hawaii increased tenfold—from 17,500 tons to 175,000 tons. This increase in production called for the importation of many thousands of foreign laborers. There were reasons why Chinese immigration could not be indefinitely continued. Portuguese immigration could not be carried forward to a large extent, because of the expense it entailed. In 1886 a treaty with Japan was made with regard to this matter, resulting in a continuous stream for twenty years of Japanese immigrants who proved themselves intelligent and industrious workers and, with the Chinese, have played an important rôle in promoting the prosperity of the Islands.

Since annexation in 1898 the industry has developed still more rapidly, and in addition to Chinese and Japanese, many Koreans, many more Filipinos and a limited number of Porto Ricans have been brought in, the majority maintaining family life.

I have referred to the advantages to the sugar industry that have come through the reciprocity treaty and annexation, and to the energy of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association in securing laborers. Mr. Ralph S. Kuydendall, whose interesting "History of Hawaii" has recently been published, says, in referring to the remarkable progress

made in the sugar industry: "These are important points; but the principal reasons for the immense growth of the sugar industry are to be found in coöperation among the planters, and in the use of improved, scientific methods. Nowhere in the world has science been more fully applied to industry than it has in Hawaii, and nowhere has the result been more striking."³²

As a single instance of an improved method, about 98 per cent of sugar is now extracted from the Hawaiian cane—a higher extraction than is obtained by any other sugar country, and twice as much as was extracted thirty or forty years ago.

One other instance of advance in the production of sugar is worthy of note. Formerly the process of turning the liquid cane juice into dry, commercial sugar took weeks and sometimes months, now the time has been reduced to days and even hours.

The growth of the sugar industry is being paralleled by the rapid development of the pineapple industry. Although there were so few pineapples raised in Hawaii twenty-five years ago that it could not be called an industry, the export of canned pineapples in 1925 was 7,000,000 cases.

Pineapples can be cultivated to some extent on a profit-sharing basis, the independence of which stimulates the ambition of the industrious Japanese and flatters his pride. Knowing that his gains depend

³² Hawaii's sugar crop for 1925 was 776,072 tons.

largely on his own efforts, he goes at his work with a will.

The sugar and pineapple industries can be advantageously combined on the same plantation. Sugar cane flourishes best on low levels where there is heat and a chance for irrigation; pineapples, on the other hand, requiring only occasional showers, thrive best on higher, cooler lands. Thus various levels can be utilized, as is well demonstrated on the extensive lands of the Waialua plantation which includes different levels.

We have spoken of the two leading industries of Hawaii, but what of the people? How do the various races get along together? The population of the Hawaiian Islands is now three hundred thousand, five times that of fifty years ago. Can three hundred thousand people of ten different nationalities make life harmonious, prosperous and happy? Business thrives, but do the people develop for the better? Let me quote a keen observer, Dr. Albert W. Palmer, whose book, "The Human Side of Hawaii," is a standard: "Out of the turmoil and confusion of Hawaii's middle period has come the fascinating and helpful Hawaii of today. The races have learned to get along together, partly because there were so many of them that none could refuse to others the respect it demanded for itself."

It must also be borne in mind that these three hundred thousand people are living in many different communities, and that over fifty thousand of

them are busily and apparently happily at work on more than fifty different plantations of sugar and pineapples. They are well paid and comfortably housed. The settlements have churches, schools and kindergartens and well-equipped hospitals with regular physicians and nurses. Much attention is also paid to their social welfare.

Dr. Palmer adds: "The public schools, sound territorial government and education in patriotism have promoted Americanism, and by no means least, the religious spirit has risen up in manifold ways to meet the challenge of modern conditions in a way worthy of the missionary pioneers. Great credit for all this is due to the persistence of the essential missionary spirit in the descendants of the early missionaries. In no part of the United States is there a greater feeling of responsibility on the part of employers and managers for labor, especially for laborers of alien races."

And how could it be otherwise? These men and women love the fair land of their birth and are not willing to let it return to barbarism. They know that they and the people among whom they dwell have interests in common and a common government. Their fondness for Hawaii and the Hawaiians and their pride in the institutions which their fathers were enabled to build, spur them on to a studied and careful support of humane and worthy causes which may save their loved native land and its people from harm.

Hawaii has been called "The Crossroads of the Pacific," and the name seems well placed in view of the many Pacific races domiciled there. Still more significant is the fact that in Hawaii have been initiated "The Pan-Pacific Union," for the purpose of coöperation among the nations of the Pacific, and "The Institute of Pacific Relations."

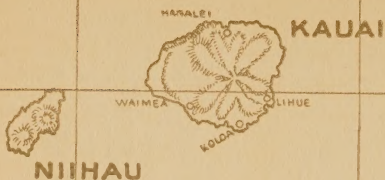
Under the auspices of the Pan-Pacific Union scientific, educational and commercial conferences have been held in Honolulu with delegates from many of these nations, while at the first meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations, held in Honolulu in 1925, thinking men and women assembled from Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, the United States and Canada, to discuss their common interests and problems.

Great changes are occurring in these nations of the Pacific, and great problems are confronting them. Hawaii, the brave outpost of our great Republic, does not fear the "Yellow Peril." She takes as her ideal the name of her club, "Hands-Around-the-Pacific," and will do her part in the future as she has in the past.

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